JOHN BULL, MAY 11, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVII 1769

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE FREE FOR EVERY READER

PLAIN WORDS TO ITALY By A. G. G.

IT WON'T DO MR. CHAMBERLAIN

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(1914-1940)

The Consistent Policy of Best Value

Food Prices generally are now 61% higher than they were in 1914, just before the last war. But the prices of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa and of Cadbury's Chocolates are still approximately 30% *lower* than in 1914. Thus, in food generally, what cost 1/- before the last war now averages 1/7: but in chocolate, what you paid 1/- for then, now costs only 8d.—9d.

What has made this better value possible?

In the past few years, Chocolate, once regarded as a luxury, has become a daily food. This has increased the demand, which, in turn, reduced production costs. At the same time, decreases in the price of raw materials occurred in the few years up to the present war. This enabled Cadburys constantly to improve the value given in their products over the last twenty years. Now that raw materials and other costs are rising, some increases in price have inevitably been made.

Cadbury's Policy

The public can be assured, however, that prices in wartime will only be raised as costs demand, in accordance with the policy Cadburys have pursued for so long.

Issued by

CADBURYS

of Bournville

THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

BRITISH RED CROSS AND ORDER OF ST JOHN — NATIONAL FLAG DAY JUNE 8 — GIVE GENEROUSLY

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

MALT makes Quaker Corn Flakes so universally popular that Quaker can make THIS SPECIAL OFFER

Get a packet of Quaker Corn Flakes. Try them with your family. And then, if you're not entirely pleased in every way, post the partially used packet with your name and address to Quaker, Southall, Middlesex, and we will refund twice what you paid.

WHAT a treat in store for you if you've not yet tried Quaker Flakes! For these are flakes with a difference—they're *malted*! All the goodness of ripe, golden corn *plus* malt. The Quaker secret malt recipe certainly makes these flakes the most appetising, nourishing, ready-to-eat cereal that you could wish for!

Quickest to serve, too—just lift the patent flap and pour. Close flap and flakes will keep fresh, crisp and delightfully malty right to the end.

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PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)

for pleasure!

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. and H.M. NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

What a pity

he doesn't take

a laxative which preserves his normal good-humour instead of making him surly and out-of-sorts. What a pity he doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen is thorough without being harsh. Non-griping and non-habit-forming, it is so completely *natural* that children, adults and invalids can take it with equal confidence and safety. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit-flavoured) 8½d. & 1/2. LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

LIXEN

the good-natured

LAXATIVE

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2

CHIVERS JELLIES

still flavoured with ripe fruit juices

Serve Chivers Jellies at least once each week

These delicious table sweets need no added sugar

MADE IN THE COUNTRY BY CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 11, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

LET CABINET'S BIG FOUR FIGHT!

PARLIAMENT, meeting in a grimmer temper than at any time since the stormy days of 1915, is clearly determined to gain a bolder, swifter, more elastic war policy.

In that respect, the Norway reverse may prove to have been worth while.

Even though, at the moment of writing, Mr. Chamberlain seems likely to survive, the Cabinet changes predicted by JOHN BULL are now imminent.

NEW WAR CABINET

M.P.s are not pessimistic about the future.

But there's a general feeling that the War Cabinet must soon be strengthened to allow quicker decision on matters of urgency.

Most M.P.s agree now that it's preposterous to plan and run a great war with a Cabinet composed of men weighed down with departmental responsibility.

Demand grows for a handful of statesmen free to give their whole time to high policy.

ONLY FOUR MEMBERS

JOHN BULL believes the moment has come to advocate a Cabinet of only four members:

The Prime Minister, Minister of Defence, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Minister without Portfolio.

Mr. Churchill should clearly and firmly be appointed Defence Minister.

He should leave the Admiralty and be able to give all his attention to co-ordination and strategy.

MAN FOR THE JOB

More and more lightning moves will have to be made as the war develops, complete co-operation of all the Fighting Forces ensured.

Churchill is the one man for this vital job.

EDEN TO HALIFAX

Mr. Eden should return to the Foreign Office, leaving Lord Halifax free of routine. Halifax, remaining in the War Cabinet, could continue to give his expert advice on foreign policy.

He would also advise on home affairs—public morale, unemployment, supplies, agriculture and so on.

Guided by the various Ministers in charge of those departments, he would map out schemes for intensifying home efforts and present them to the Cabinet for approval.

He would thus be G.O.C. Home Front, a demand made in these columns during the first fortnight of war.

Sir John Simon should have a deputy at the Treasury, to leave him free from all but the most important financial affairs.

WILL HE DO IT?

An earnest reader of newspapers, the Prime Minister cannot be unaware of the dissatisfaction voiced in the Press, the trenchant attacks of Ernest Bevin and Archibald Sinclair, the murmurings of Conservative M.P.s.

Though his statement on Norway has cleared up a few mysteries, influential M.P.s complain that important questions remain unanswered.

ADMIRALTY OVERRULED

It is openly said that, early in the Norwegian conflict, the Admiralty urged a naval attack on Trondheim, but was overruled by the War Cabinet.

High British Generals, who opposed sending an expeditionary force to Finland, and thus supplied one reason for Hore-Belisha's resignation, are said to have opposed also any Allied landing in Norway.

That is alleged to have caused delay in getting our troops across. Moreover, the Finland force had been dispersed instead of being kept in readiness.

DIEHARD WHISPERING

It is obviously essential for these matters to be cleared up.

The silly Diehard whispering campaign against Churchill must also be gagged.

His supporters point out that, so long as he is liable to be overruled by the Prime Minister, the whole Cabinet must accept responsibility for any failure in strategy.

LEADERS TOO OPTIMISTIC

Less would have been heard of complaints and rumours had our reverses in Norway last week not followed optimistic forecasts by our leaders.

Churchill was reported, perhaps wrongly, to have said that every ship in the Skagerrak would be sunk. Yet Nazi reinforcements continue to reach Norway—perhaps because the Government hesitated to incur further naval losses.

The P.M. was "ten times more confident" than when war broke out.

General Ironside had recently dared the Nazis to come on.

General Wiart predicted surprising successes only a day or two before our withdrawal!

PEP, NOT PAP

On the other hand, the Norwegian setback may have ultimate benefits if it forces the Cabinet to give us less pap and more pep.

Temper of Parliament and the Press suggests that this will indeed be the result. The Prime Minister will have to drop the whitewash brush in favour of a clean broom.

ARMY IS CONFIDENT

Recall to the War Office of General Dill, "brains of the Army," and first choice of most Army officers, is a promise of better strategy and stronger drive.

Diplomatically, Britain's gesture in the Mediterranean and the U.S.A.'s emphatic warning seems to have called Mussolini's bluff for the present.

MORE REALISM, PLEASE

Cabinet reconstruction, which must now be exercising Mr. Chamberlain's attention once more, would increase confidence.

It will rise still higher if, as Bevin declares, leaders avoid soothing assurances to the public and deal more realistically with the task confronting us.

We can't expect to win the war without reverses and losses. And we shall take them the more easily if our hopes are not buoyed up by unwarrantable complacency.

ADOLF IS WARY, TOO

Even Hitler, despite his half-crazed vainglory, is preparing for reverses.

Big underground shelters are being hurriedly built in Berlin. Factories making bombers have switched over to fighter-aircraft. All churches have been ordered to provide air raid shelters.

Does he expect German towns to be bombed?

Yet he must know we will not adopt that form of warfare unless he starts it.

BEST IN THE WORLD

So we must be prepared. And we are. The Clacton tragedy shows that our A.R.P. organisation deserves all the praise given it.

JOHN BULL has both praised and criticised it, knows that most reasons for strong criticism have been removed by recent reorganisation.

More volunteers are needed, but even without them Britain's A.R.P. organisation is easily the best in the world.

As for anti-aircraft gunnery, the four-inch gun is now in general use, thus greatly strengthening our defences.

WEAKENING RESISTANCE

Why is Hitler so desperately eager to get the war over within a year? The United States Government has just published a report by a man who has spent twelve years studying German economics.

He predicts that Nazi food rations and the agricultural breakdown, together with the Allied blockade, will weaken Germany's power of resistance within a year.

Whereas Britain's Food Ministry doesn't exaggerate in saying that no shortage of food is likely here.

At the moment, indeed, we've more than we need.

(Continued overleaf)

Nazi £5,000 on King's Head

● Secret £5,000 reward for any Nazi squadron bombing King Haakon has been revealed by German airmen deserting to Sweden.

● Warning has been given to Mussolini that Italian industry could not equip more than a quarter of the 8,000,000 men available for mobilisation; present army of a million cannot be fully equipped before autumn.

● *Second Budget will be introduced in October; hence Sir John Simon's hint of further income-tax demands on the middle class.*

● Private motoring has been stopped in Denmark because so much petrol has been used in Norwegian invasion that Nazi stocks have fallen to eight or nine months' reserve.

● *Warning that iron door-handles and letter-boxes will be confiscated throughout Germany hides another revelation. Steel chiefs met Goering a week ago to report only seven weeks' supply of iron ore!*

● Sudden end of Nazi-Soviet pact now possible. Strained relations between Berlin and Moscow explain anti-Red comments in German papers and the new Soviet defences on the Polish frontier.

● *Air Ministry has decided not to imitate latest Nazi experiment—searchlights on aircraft to pierce the blackout. British flares show bombers' targets more effectively and with less risk.*

● Threatening Spanish firms with "reprisals" if they trade with Britain is the Nazi effort to destroy Anglo-Spanish trade treaty.

● Big anti-British propaganda campaign has been discovered in South Africa under cover of pamphlets supposed to advertise homœopathic medicines.

Continued from preceding page

★ Britain's 5th Column Bulwark

★ Grand Hotels Found Wanting

★ War Minister Hears Protests

★ Life Wasted for a Shilling

★ Bicycle Trade Booming Again

Barbed wire defence aprons now being fitted at a port "somewhere in Britain" are not a bulwark against foreign invasion.

They are to thwart traitors in our midst, pro-Germans who would stop at nothing if our hands were tied.

It's a relief to know the authorities are at last alive to the menace of the Fifth Column.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Other surprising news from the seaside is that certain "high-class" hotels, commandeered for troops, have been found to have disgracefully dirty and third-class kitchens.

They are being remodelled to cater for Private Atkins.

Although good enough for the smart set, they aren't good enough for the Army!

ARMY'S REFORMS

Although we recently criticised many aspects of the system of sending sick troops to non-military hospitals, JOHN BULL can now report that reforms have been carried out.

The Army, allowed to become master in its own house, is intent on making its medical service above reproach, adequate for all emergencies.

There can be no criticism of that!

THEIR GRIEVANCE

Oliver Stanley, the War Minister, is "looking into" another source of loud complaint. He promises Mr. Shinwell that he will consider whether to allow a ration of duty-free cigarettes through N.A.A.F.I., alleged to be making "huge profits."

No grievance is more keenly felt among millions of troops than the impossibility of paying full price for tobacco and cigarettes on Service pay.

NO NEED TO FEAR

They don't begrudge the B.E.F. its free issue of 50 cigarettes or 2 oz. of 'baccy a week. But men on home service, in Norway and Palestine feel that they deserve some concession.

Mr. Stanley fears that they might resell any issue of duty-free tobacco. Nonsense!

A few non-smokers might be tempted to do so, but there would be no serious leakage.

FURTHER TROUBLE

Mr. Brown, Minister of Labour, can prevent another grievance that adds to JOHN BULL's postbag.

Too many young men seem to be dodging Army service! Too easy for the governor's young son to leave the office for the factory and thus claim the security of a "reserved occupation"!

And the War Office must stop R.A.S.C. recruits being sent to France without embarkation leave.

ALL FOR A SHILLING

A young lance-corporal was drowned at Grangemouth Docks, in Scotland, when visiting a sentry post in the black-out.

"THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THE BUTT-END OF GOERING'S CIGAR... IT'S REAL TOBACCO..."

A shilling torch would have saved his life.

Grangemouth people recall similar accidents in the last war.

It must not happen again.

WORKERS FEAR BANK

Dismissal of Sir William Firth from the control of a £20,000,000 tinplate combine is to be raised in Parliament.

He put the once-derelict Ebbw Vale township on the map again after its old mills had been shut down by the banks in 1929.

Workers fear the Bank of England will win again.

WRONG WAY ROUND

Already the strip mill, most modern plant in the world, is idle two days a week.

Some weeks ago workers hoped to get raw material from the United States. Instead, an order for steel sheets—the finished product—was given to the U.S.A.

So work went to Americans and the men at Ebbw Vale were kept idle.

STILL MORE BICYCLES

There's a new boom in the bicycle industry.

Every other bicycle buyer now is a woman.

Petrol rationing is apparently responsible.

Women are riding to office and shops.

KEY-PIN OF WAR

Better news now from that vital war industry, agriculture. Latest returns show big increase in land ploughed for crops.

John Morgan, M.P., prompted by JOHN BULL's "12 Points for Victory" series, insists that food production can be increased another 40 per cent. by giving us full crops and converting grassland before the harvest of 1941.

That will save two million tons of shipping space, keep a hundred million pounds at home.

HITLER'S REDS

Another M.P., Mr. Alfred Denville, asks us to note how Communists are trying to get "stop the war" resolutions passed by Co-operative societies.

We had noted that new activity of Britain's Red friends of Hitler.

So have Co-op. chiefs.

Unlikely that they'll fail to prevent a great organisation from stabbing Britain in the back.

COAL COST PROTEST

Third M.P., young Mr. John Parker, is demanding a Ministry of Mines enquiry to placate his angry Hornchurch constituents and the local council.

Their fuel officer reported thirty cases of over-charging for coal, asked permission to prosecute dealers. Divisional Fuel Office refused permission.

A BETTER BRITAIN

When the war ends, are towns to be built and industry extended in a haphazard, costly, anti-social fashion? If not, plans must be fought out now.

The current issue of "Town and Country Planning," dealing exhaustively with the report of the Royal Commission on the subject, agrees with JOHN BULL that immediate steps must be taken towards a Better Britain.

Such steps can be made quicker and with less fuss in wartime.

ANOTHER ABSURDITY

Minor absurdity of war concerns consignment of shells that had to be taken by road. Weighing more than sixteen tons, it was loaded on a 15-ton lorry, whose owners have been charged and fined £6.

They tell JOHN BULL they will refuse to pay, arguing that if they had carried the load in two instalments they would have wasted petrol and aroused trouble on that score.

If you want an easy life, don't be a road contractor in wartime.

DON'T THEY KNOW!

Guild of Insurance Officials asks JOHN BULL's support in an attack on three engineering insurance companies of Manchester.

These companies refuse to negotiate with trade unions representing their employees.

Presumably the directors will expect their staff to fight for democratic principles—abroad, but not at home.

NAZI THOROUGHNESS

Ernst Udet, most famous of Nazi aces, has taken command of the Nazi Air Force in Norway. But he did his best work before the war.

Helping the German Ufa combine to make films along the Scandinavian and Greenland coasts, he provided excellent material on which the war lords based military plans.

But the R.A.F. has more detailed maps of every important German district than the Nazis can ever hope to get of Britain!

HEROES TO A MAN

Lastly, let us tell you the war's greatest story of self-sacrifice.

Germans in Norway are using Norwegians as cover, recently ordered three civilians to drive lorry loads of Nazi troops along the Guldansdal.

They made a pact that those 100 troops would never fight again, and drove the lorries over a precipice.

£200 FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

for every Reader

HISTORY was made on the night of April 30, when England sustained the first civilian air-raid casualties of the present war.

Crippled by anti-aircraft fire, a Nazi bomber, seeking a landing place, crashed in the centre of Clacton-on-Sea. The appalling extent of the casualties is only too well known.

Is the Clacton disaster the forerunner of the long-threatened air-raids? No one can tell—but, now more than ever, it is the duty of everyone to be prepared. Time and time again the Government has warned us of the possibility of mass attacks from the air.

"John Bull" offers to every reader a £200 Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits. For the sake of your dependants you cannot afford to neglect this measure of protection.

Through shortage of space, registration forms have been held over this week. They can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "JOHN BULL'S" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LAYING £200 EGGS!

COMMANDER H. PURSEY, R.N., "John Bull's" naval correspondent, describes vividly the intricate and perilous job of laying mines. The fraction of an error can waste thousands of pounds.

Over she goes . . . a death-dealing £200 "egg" that will be yet another link in the widespread Allied chain now laid around Germany's coast

BEHIND laconic broadcasts, giving "notice to mariners" of further mine-laying activities of British naval vessels in enemy waters, there lies the story of great adventure, stealthily pursued under cover of darkness in seas that are fraught with danger.

British mine-layers persist in their midnight journeys across the North Sea to lay their "eggs" in the enemy's front garden, and will go on doing so to the end of the war, despite the risk.

At home naval lads have mined the Straits of Dover, the whole of the East Coast, the mouth of the Clyde. Overseas they have created an "all-high in mine-laying" by planting "eggs" over a record area of sea in the Heligoland Bight, Skagerrak and Kattegat, and at odd points on the Scandinavian coast.

And this is how it is done, this hazardous task, which is taken as just another routine job, even though it entails such a vast amount of pluck and organisation for large-scale overseas operations.

Depths of water and the rise and fall of the tide have to be calculated precisely. Mines laid shallow will come to the surface at low water to disclose their position. Vessels can then avoid the danger, and "sweepers" scoop them up.

If laid too deep, ships can pass over mines with impunity.

A submarine can drop "eggs" only in small clumps because of her limited carrying capacity.

Destroyers, laying mines in company, carry only eighty apiece, but they can make dangerous a larger area. They depend on speed for their safety. It's a high-speed dash, "eggs" laid, and "home chaps."

Large fields are generally planted by converted liners. "Gutted" and fitted with mine decks and four sets of Tom Thumb railway lines, these ships carry 400 mines, costing £200 each.

This means £80,000 a trip!

Ex-passenger ships devoted to the work in the last war included the *Princess Margaret*, a Canadian-Pacific liner, capable of carrying 500 mines, the *Angora*, (300 mines), and cross-Channel steamers *Biarritz* (300 mines) and *Paris* (80 mines).

Mine-layers are berthed alongside a quay, and mines and sinkers are hoisted on board as complete units of a ton and a half. The sinker, with its four wheels, is placed on the railway lines, and, with the mine nestling on top, is hauled along to its position in the queue.

THE mine squad gets to work.

Mooring ropes are adjusted for the depth at which the mines are to be laid. Primers and detonators are inserted in the mines and the glass phials put inside the lead protector horns.

These phials contain the electrolyte that runs into a battery and fires the mine by electricity when broken by a ship striking it.

With the light-hearted sense of humour peculiar to British bluejackets, messages to Hitler are chalked on the black, shiny surfaces of these fatal globes.

"Run, Adolf, run," is a favourite.

"To Adolf, the Biggest Aspidistra in the World" (after Gracie Field's song), **is another. Extempore artists, taking advantage of the suggestive protuberance of a mine, draw Goering-like rows of medals and swastikas.**

* * *

Outside the harbour the mine-layers join their escorts.

Accurate navigation is essential to ensure laying the "eggs" in the correct spot. This is necessary not only for the future safety of our own as well as neutral vessels, but also because mines laid in the wrong depth are useless.

A taut-wire measuring system, with 140-mile spools of fine piano-wire, was used in the last war. On leaving the last accurate sea mark, the wire was thrown overboard and paid out as the ship went ahead, a dial registering the length.

This ensured a correct distance run being known, but errors in course were not so easily eliminated.

On the mine-deck, or Clapham Junction, tension runs high during the outward voyage. In the dim light of blue-shaded lamps, phantom figures in long hooded lammy coats shuffle about. Last-minute preparations are made, and everything checked for a good lay.

The men include pensioners who completed their full service and started in one-man jobs, reservists who, after twelve years in the Navy, left the sea to settle down in civil employment with a wife and family, and recruits called under the National Service Act.

Among them are the ubiquitous Cockney characters —the 'bus drivers, hotel commissionaires, and representatives of almost every type.

A bell rings!

The mechanical telegraph from the bridge clangs "Stand By," and the mining officer repeats the order.

Stop-watch in hand, he stands at the mine-trap over the stern ready to time the laying.

"Start laying," clangs the telegraph.

"Splash" . . . orders the officer.

A rating hauls back a lever like a railway signalman in his box.

Over goes the first with a "splosh."

A motor draws the next one into the trap and the operation is repeated.

WITH a margin of error allowed of only a few yards, "eggs" must fall with split-second accuracy, or gaps will reduce the value of the field.

Despite all devices to prevent premature explosions, few routine naval expeditions are more hazardous than those of mine-laying.

The great danger lies not so much in the cargo of high explosive as from outside agencies.

Gunfire from an enemy ship, an aircraft bomb, or a submarine's torpedo would be likely to "touch off" the whole outfit.

If enemy surface vessels are encountered it is the escort's duty to deal with them. This accounted for the heavy ships being in action when British mines were laid off the Norwegian coast. No mine-layer with her "eggs" on board dare fight a battle.

The value of mine-fields is often overrated by those not fully acquainted with their strategical uses and limitations.

Fields laid off our own coasts are a Maginot Line against both enemy surface ships and submarines.

Fields laid in enemy waters limit his activities, cause him much sweeping work, and restrict the exits of U-boats. But such fields cannot "block up" areas indefinitely if he carries out sweeping.

In the last war Britain laid 112,354 mines in the North Sea and Germany 22,067.

Out of two hundred submarines destroyed, the loss of 47 was due to mines.

NAZIS GUN LIGHTHOUSE : BRITISH BOMBERS DROP BONES FOR DOG

A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER writing to thank pilots of Britain's Coastal Command for dropping newspapers and magazines on his lonely island during their daily patrols, mentioned that he only wished they could drop an occasional bone to brighten the life of his dog companion.

And now aircraft on regular patrol over the island drop knuckle-bones and other tit-bits, scrounged from the cookhouse!

Welcomes Bombers

Pilots say that the dog comes bounding out of the lighthouse when he hears the sound of their aero-engines, looks up expectantly, and pounces on the falling bones even before they have stopped rolling.

While neglecting to mention the accuracy needed to drop bones and parcels on the tiny rock forming the base of the lighthouse, the pilots say they fear that the dog, attracted by the noise of the engine, may come out one day to find a Nazi machine diving to machine-gun the lighthouse.

And this exemplifies two methods of warfare.

For the Nazis, robbed of the fiendish pleasure they derived from attacking defenceless lightships, are now accused of machine-gunning lighthouse stations.

Meanwhile, robot lightships, Britain's answer to the death-dealing dives of these Nazi flying pirates, have been distributed on the coast, ready to carry on the task of helping mankind and defying brutality.

Because these automatic lightships, buoys on a grand scale, are only half the size of the lightships that have been withdrawn from service, they are only half as easy to hit by fast diving bombers.

Bullet-Proof Decks

Seen from another vessel, as they roll sedately on the rising tide, they give the impression of stolid dependability.

They are strongly built metal floats, operating a warning signal on the same principle as a first-class lightbuoy.

Decks are bullet-proof, and the light—fed from a gas-chamber in the hull—is set behind a globe of toughened glass at the top of a steel mast.

There is enough fuel in the gas-chamber to maintain the warning light for two months without attention, and the motion of the float riding at anchor operates a big bell suspended in a metal cage attached to the deck.

Lightships operate in danger spots where it is impossible to build lighthouses.

The first one ever to be constructed was stationed at the Nore to reveal the entrance to the Thames Estuary.

Never Desert Light

The crew of a lightship, numbering about seven, usually included a captain and a mate, and the unwritten law of these lonely maritime lampposts was: "Never desert the light." In face of mutiny, collision, and the failure of supplies and relief, this law of the lightship has always been maintained.

Tied to giant "umbrella-anchors," each weighing many tons, the lightship in rough weather provides the bucking broncho of the seas.

A lightship riding out a storm tosses, rolls, dips and spins madly at its moorings, making a man's position on deck one of constant danger.

A spell of duty may last sixty days, and men are often compelled to wait a week before the weather permits a change-over to take place when the time for relief arrives.

Two great dangers faced by a lightship's crew are being set adrift in rough weather by the parting of the mooring cable, and collision in fog.

It has been left to Nazis to supply yet another peril.

Trinity House is the General Lighthouse and Lightship Authority for England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and the adjacent seas and islands, and for Gibraltar.

400 Years' Work

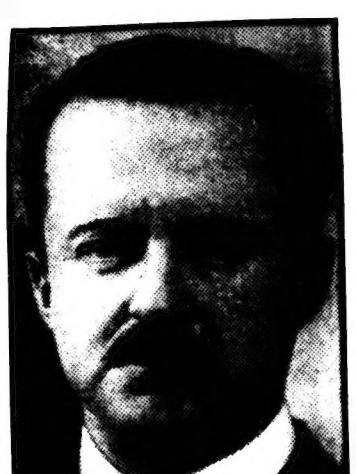
In all, it has charge of some 45 lightships, 62 shore and rock lighthouses, 40 minor ships and two fog-signal stations, as well as the buoys.

It also maintains more than 600 navigational buoys around our coasts. More than 140 have to be kept lighted.

Throughout more than four centuries of service to mariners the task of the Trinity House Brethren has never been easy, and now war has made the work of this ancient Guild even more hazardous.

OPEN LETTERS

- Here's to a Hero of the Sea
- Minister's Broken Promises
- Tram Track Steel is Wasted
- Stop Slacking on the Farms



Let Duff Cooper speak . . . he knows

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN REITH,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Four months have passed since you became Britain's Mouthpiece. You have gained a little more power by taking charge of the censors. You have made a few pleasant speeches at public dinners.

But there has been no Spring Cleaning of the Ministry of Misinformation.

The public is still kept in blinkers; neutral countries are given little insight into our conduct of the war.

That is not altogether your fault, Sir John. And I do not demand news that might help the enemy.

But why not insist that some authoritative speaker should broadcast a weekly summary of the war—and by giving us the facts help to dispel rumour and doubt?

It need not always be a Churchill.

Sometimes a Duff Cooper or an Attlee should be allowed to talk frankly and fully to the whole nation.

We shall win the war more easily by taking the public into the Government's confidence.

Think it over!—JOHN BULL.

Skipper WARD,
Steam Trawler "Salacon"

DEAR SKIPPER,—No matter how long the war lasts, no man will show greater endurance than you.

Four times a Nazi bomber dived to attack your ship with machine-gun and bombs before it was beaten off and almost certainly destroyed.

Next day two seaplanes returned to the attack. Almost at once you were wounded in the spine, but remained on the bridge until your ship reached harbour fourteen hours later.

I am glad that even though you have had part of the spine cut away, you have now left hospital and hope to resume fishing soon.

I am glad also to salute such a plucky man.—JOHN BULL.

CITY TREASURER,
Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—It's a blot on your books to write to a soldier threatening him with "proceedings" for failing to maintain his parents, while his wife and three young children are having a lean time on 43s. a week.

Paper is valuable.

Don't waste it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I am informed that at least four factories near Bilston are working twelve-hour shifts, even though hundreds of men in the district are idle.

That is uneconomic, and long hours are officially deprecated because of their bad effects on both workers and production.

Will you not draw the attention of all employers to the warning just issued by the Industrial Health Research Board?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. DAWSON SADLER,
Deputy Judge, Derby C.C.

YOUR HONOUR,—The public should be grateful to you for a judgment endorsing my criticism of certain hire-purchase methods.

A woman, whose husband fell out of work, surrendered a vacuum cleaner on which she had paid £4 16s.

She signed a paper without realising that she was still liable for the balance of £7 4s. on the machine. Then the Electrical Manufacturers Finance Co. sued her for that amount.

Ordering her to pay judgment and costs at the rate of a penny a month, thus allowing her more than 124 years to discharge the debt, you have given a much-needed lesson to some hire-purchase firms and their unwary dupes.

Thank you!—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. J. L. ADAMSON, M.P.,
Dartford

DEAR MADAM,—The Minister of Health reminds me of a goldfish. He so frequently opens his mouth without saying anything.

You must be annoyed because, although he promised you last January to hasten the extension of the free milk scheme to infants and expectant mothers, he is still "unable to make a statement."

Every social worker is annoyed, because the need for the scheme is now greater than ever.

Continue to worry Mr. Elliot until he redeems his promise.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I intend to give you no peace until you have ended the callous delay in dealing with old age pension claims.

Yet another damnable case has been brought to my notice. The cottage of a bedridden old man was burned last December, his pension book destroyed.

Applications for another book and the pension arrears brought no satisfaction. Lately, four clergymen and a councillor have written a letter on his behalf, yet they too have received no answer.

Must this man (and others in even worse plight) be left to starve while your muddy-headed officials twiddle their thumbs?—JOHN BULL.

STEEL CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—The evil of Hitlerism may produce a blessing if it rids us of railings in streets and parks.

But is waste steel being collected quickly enough? Although we are told that all London's disused tram tracks will be pulled up, they are merely being covered with tar in many districts.

What a waste of time, labour and a vital war material!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LESLIE JOHN ALLEN,
Shepton Mallet, Somerset

SIR,—I look on you with such disgust that I think you should be driven out of business.

Army lorries, filled with "doctored" petrol at your garage pumps, could not be started, thus hindering the training of troops. Some of the petrol contained 85 per cent. paraffin.

I am not surprised you have been fined £100 in one town, £50 in another.

I am astonished only that a man with a big business should stoop to a particularly contemptible form of fraud.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—You have a big chance (perhaps a last chance) to offset the disappointment aroused by your handling of the coal situation.

Lord Portal's Coal Production Council points out that fewer miners are now employed than before the war.

It stresses my demand that no more recruitment of colliery workers shall be allowed, that old and workless miners shall be given jobs immediately, and that men shall not be allowed to drift from the mines to the factories.

You must reopen most of the disused pits.

More coal is needed for exports, war industry and home consumption. Prove yourself big enough to organise its production.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EMIL DAVIES,
Chairman, London County Council

DEAR SIR,—Suspiciously odd that seven lowest tenders for steel bridge spans were all exactly **£18,469 15s. 5d.**

No coincidence in that, surely. And it cannot be accidental that the steel firms nearly always agree to the last halfpenny in quotations for any job.

Although the Government claims to be keeping an eye on trade "rings," I suspect that the other eye is half-shut in a cynical wink.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEXANDER JACK,
Singleton, Chichester

SIR,—Much though I appreciate the farmer's difficulties, I endorse the five guineas costs imposed on you for failing to plough fifty-three acres of pasture land as ordered by the local War Agriculture Committee.

Britain must cultivate every inch of land if it is to beat the Nazis. There can be no excuse for leaving good land to rot.

Most farmers are determined to help the battle against Nazism, whatever the loss to themselves.

The few who insist on studying personal considerations should be warned by the penalty imposed on you.—JOHN BULL.

Imaginary Interview in the Black-out Bus

See What I Mean, Lady?

FARES, please, Sir! . . . Ah, beg your pardon, Miss, but it's easy to make a mistake in this light, and I took you for an officer in that snappy uniform. . . .

"My good man, I am an officer, though perhaps you don't know that a Senior Commandant of the W.A.T.S. holds a rank corresponding to that of Majah."

Struth, *Majah*!—Sorry again; I mean "Commandant"!

I'm only a "civvy" in this war, and you can't expect me to recognise every kind of badge in the black-out. . . .

Honest, though, I wasn't trying to be funny. There was some grand women doing grand work in the last show. And I don't doubt you and your troops will be doing plenty in this one. . . .

What's that you say, Ma'am—Beg pardon—Commandant:—*You resent the way people who don't know anything about it seem to sneer at women officers* . . . Excuse me; I wouldn't sneer; not on no account! Why, I've two nieces in the W.A.T.S. myself, and smart, capable girls they are, too, just as keen to do their bit as any of the boys!

Only thing is, Commandant, they tell me that almost all the senior lady officers in their crowd either has titles or at least comes from Mayfair homes. . . . Fine "gels" what have hunted in the right country and been presented at Court, and so on. . . .

You can't see nothing wrong with that? . . . You think that women of the right class *ought* to run the show? . . . You believe the rank and file *prefer* to be officered by ladies? . . . Well, well! . . . You don't happen to be a peer's daughter yourself by any chance? . .

Now, now! . . . Don't get angry with me, Lady! I'm not blaming *you* for having a brother in the Upper House. . . . I don't doubt you wanted to do your bit and, if you do pull down nearly three hundred and fifty a year, with free rations and free billets *or* cash allowances—not to speak of travelling and subsistence rates corresponding to the rank of Majah—Well, all I can say is: "Half your luck!"

But it do seem funny, don't it, that so many of you has titles? . . . They tell me your Chief Controller has one, and both of her second-in-commands. Not to speak of more than half the Chief Commandants and almost half of the Senior Commandants. . . .

My nieces tell me all these senior officers are allowed a servant—or do you call them batmen, too?—and what's more, they darned well need one, because they'd never have got the job at all if they hadn't been used to a maid in civil life! . . .

See what I mean, Lady? . . .

Only last month there was some more junior officers gazetted in your crowd and I happened to notice that four of them was in the peerage. . . .

P'raps they'll make good officers; p'raps they won't.

By Cripes, though, I think it's about time the Secretary for War made up his mind that in *this* scrap there shouldn't be nobody "en-titled" to command simply because of being born with a handle to his name. . . .

You getting off here, Commandant? . . .

Good night to you then, and you see I haven't forgotten how to salute!

Epics of the R.A.F.

"Lucky" Beats Two Junkers

STUART MARTIN

continuing the thrilling story of Britain's magnificent R.A.F., takes you into a do-or-die scrap off a seaside resort.

"Wish me luck, O.K." wirelessed the Coastal Command pilot as he went into action.

OUT of the clouds, hell-bent for a fight, came the German bomber. The observer in the R.A.F. Coastal Command aircraft off the coast of Britain saw the sun turning the fighter's wings to silver.

Calmly he mentioned the fact to the pilot, who glanced upwards to see the Nazi diving towards them.

A mile or so behind the British aircraft lay a seaside resort, a cluster of houses of red brick surrounded by fields.

The Coastal Command pilot addressed the microphone at his elbow.

"I am about to engage the enemy," he said. "Wish me luck. O.K."

Not long in the squadron, he had been christened "Lucky," because he never ended a message to the shore station without the phrase "Wish me luck."

They had tried to cure him of it, but he was incurable.

He was only in the early twenties. Besides himself in the aircraft were his observer-navigator, rear gunner, and radio operator.

The Coastal Command is not like the bombers, the fighters, or the reconnaissance craft. The Coastal Command does all that work and takes photographs, too.

When a Coastal Command aircraft sees an enemy it does not yell for help or for interceptors. It weighs in right away.

"Lucky" needed all the luck that was coming to him. As he sped towards the Junker 88 to attack, he saw a second coming head-on from the starboard.

Flash went his radio signal again.

Back came the message from the shore station.

"Interceptors coming to your aid."

Lucky did not hear.

A bullet from the starboard Junker had clipped his helmet and passed out of the aircraft to the port side.

THE battle was on.

People on the front of the seaside resort saw the beginning of the scrap.

Lucky manœuvred his 'plane between the Junkers. They went round in a circle, Lucky in the centre of them.

He was exposed to the rear guns of one, the foremost gun of the other. But it meant also that he could fire at both at once.

As his finger pressed the button of his front gun, a stream of bullets burst about the tail of the German.

The reply was a burst from the rear gunner of the Junker.

Lucky's rear gunner was holding his fire.

He held it even when the pursuing Junker was trying to rip the turret with frightful bursts. Nearer it came, doing trick flying, rising, falling, dodging. The gunner, a Yorkshire lad, still held his fire, but his gun moved ever so slightly every second, his eye glued to the sights.

Tactics like these had never been used before in an air battle, but Lucky was original in most things. He hung on to the first Junker, the second hanging on to him.

The machines went round and round dipping and prancing, trained horses in a circus-ring.

Then the two Germans acted as if by arrangement. The rear gun of one flashed, the foremost gun of the other rattled. Lucky was caught between the two. A storm of bullets struck his aircraft on the nose; a similar burst caught the rudder.

The petrol tanks were holed, fabric was ripped off the wings, and Lucky, hit in the right arm, felt a numbness stealing from his fingers to the shoulder.

He opened his throttle, increased his speed, and blazed in terrible bursts into the Junker in front.

He increased still more, pushed the throttle lever through the "gate," snapping the wire, and held tight. It is the emergency action, that snapping of the wire. You can do it only once.

The aircraft leaped forward.

Lucky let go his gun. Then his right arm gave out, hung limply.

Near screaming with pain, he bit his lip till the blood came, and turned out of the "ring." He turned so steeply that he blacked out.

There he sat, "dead to the wide," the aircraft flying on its own.

Unconsciousness did not last long.

He awoke to the sound of the rear gun mingling with the roar of the engines.

As the aircraft turned, the gunner saw his chance. The second Junker came right into his sights, crossing his line of vision so near that it was impossible to miss.

He did not miss.

Burst after burst shot into the enemy, from propeller to rudder. The Junker staggered, fluttered a bit, rose in a faint effort to get above that devastating fire.

The Coastal Command gunner fired again, again, and again. Burst after burst. A line of brilliant red and smoke came from the engine.

The smoke suddenly became a ragged red cloud. Down went the Junker in flames.

The gunner watched it strike the sea and vanish carrying its crew with it. But there was no time for more than a fleeting glimpse of victory. The first Junker had lurched back into action.

This time the Junker was above them. It dropped a bomb that missed. It dropped another. That also missed. Then it dived.

Its gunner opened fire. The petrol tank of the British machine was cut through and fuel began to spout from the cracks. Lucky knew that he was finished.

Even so he manœuvred to hit back time and again. Bullets hit the Junker, tearing bits off the aircraft.

He saw the German rear gunner disappear below the turret.

He saw the turret collapse.

The Junker stopped firing and tried to escape. It limped out of range, then went down.

Even as he saw this happen, Lucky was conscious that his own machine was out of control.

HE swung her round towards the shore, but his navigator told him that he was seventy miles from England. Down below was the lower end of the North Sea with white horses foaming. It would be impossible to stay afloat.

But the navigator pointed out that there was a trawler heading towards them. It was only a speck, but smoke was pouring from her funnel, and she was coming hand over fist.

Lucky made a rapid calculation as they spiralled down.

"Prepare to launch the rubber boat," he ordered. "You chaps get in as she strikes."

The aircraft was falling fast. The radio was out of action and the engines had stopped.

Lucky felt that his luck was out for once, but he kept to his post. The sea came up to meet them with terrible rapidity.

The falling machine hit the top of a billow, rode it, and dived into the trough. Daylight was wiped out.

A Nazi Dornier flying boat sinking in the sea after being brought down by British fighter 'planes. The two raiders, fought to the death by "Lucky" and his crew, went the same way.

A great silence fell. To Lucky it was the silence of the tomb. There came a glimpse of greyish greenishness all round him. He saw the dark outline of his aircraft's nose tilted in front for a moment.

Then it dropped and the greyish greenishness faded almost at once. It became black—and cold, very cold.

Lucky tried to get out of his cabin. A weight pressed him back into it. He tried again, tearing with his one useful hand at the obstructions on all sides.

He hit his head against things; was knocked this way and that.

His lungs were filling, there was a salty taste in his mouth. The sea was through his clothing and at his skin. It was perishing.

He fought against the weight that pressed him deeper and deeper into the water more firmly every second. It was a morass, clinging to him, dragging at him.

LUCKY wasn't in pain from his damaged arm. He was just clawing about in the dark for life, and that is worse than pain.

With a superhuman effort he heaved against an obstruction above him, heaved with his shoulders and head. The obstruction gave way. Lucky was free of his cabin, but his legs were caught.

He kicked himself free, and sensed suddenly that he was free. He kicked again and again, and found his head above water.

Down he went again, but this time he was being tossed by the waves and he was near the surface. He came up again, saw a length of wing floating not far off, fought his way to it, and grabbed it with his left hand.

When he was hanging there, he saw a rubber boat slide down a billow. Hands were stretched out, and Lucky was dragged in beside his crew.

"Got you!" they cried.

"Got you!" said Lucky, "but mind this arm."

They were picked up by the trawler and landed close to the seaside resort. From the trawler's deck they saw British aircraft flying up and down, up and down, outwards and homewards. These were the interceptor machines out to help Lucky, but the two Junkers were gone for ever.

WHEN Lucky wrote out his report he dictated: "We hit the sea at 18.34½ hours."

In the R.A.F. they use the twenty-four hour clock, and he was asked how he came to be so accurate. The answer was quite definite.

"All our watches stopped when we entered the water at that time, exactly."

Lucky joined the R.A.F. in the Spring of 1939, had his first flying lesson in a north country school, was drafted late that year to a finishing station in the South, where he got his wings, and joined his allotted squadron six months ago.

He had never sent out an "I am about to engage the enemy" message before. It was his first engagement, but that's the stuff the R.A.F. boys are made of.

NEXT WEEK
Night Flight Heroes

A DAY WITH BRITAIN'S OLD 'UNS

All Present and Correct, Sir!

Guarding supply routes, road-making and so on for the present, all the veterans are ready to go into the trenches again if needed

"Hi, Nobby, where's the pozzy?"
"It's napoo, Dusty."
"Come on, Fred—what about a hand with this dixie?"
"Garn, you old lead swinger. You couldn't lift a good dinner without getting a fatigue party."

ALTHOUGH I was listening to bronzed, tough-looking men in khaki battle dress at an East Coast camp, writes a JOHN BULL man, the accents in which these words were spoken stirred the mainspring of memory.

I think of infantry limping back along the Arras Road—half the number that went up that road . . troopers of the Scots Greys coming out of action with one man left to three horses . . . a handful of men and one 13-pounder of what was once a proud six-gun R.H.A. battery.

They called jam "pozzy" and cooking utensils "dixies." They bantered like this. They sang the songs these men around me are singing.

I look at these soldiers of 1940 again. I see the 1914 and 1915 medal ribbons on their breast. And then I know. They are the same men.

Here are the boys of the Old Brigade. Breathing sulphur and fire at the very mention of Hitler's name. Looking rather overjoyed because they have just beat the Norfolks (average age 25½) at football.

Let us be quite honest in saying that they came back slowly when war was declared to join the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, or A.M.P.S.

It is pure coincidence that the Corps is commanded by Major-General Amps!

Then the War Office instructed the speakers who were recruiting these "old sweats" to tell them that this work of building roads, bridges, defence "aprons" and so on was no non-fighting job.

Twenty-five per cent. of them would be armed.

They would have their own anti-aircraft guns and gunners. They would be required to work under fire, relieving infantry and artillery of the fatigues that used to hamper them in the last war.

They would do a spot of fighting if the need arose.

THE effect of such candour was electric.

They began to pour back.

And as for those already in . . .

"They seemed seized with a new spirit," their Commanding Officer tells me.

"I should think so, too," says Charlie Ayres, Canadian soldier in the last war. "We weren't passengers last time, and we're not going to be passengers this."

"Not on your life," adds C. Levett, London taxi-driver, who helped to man Britain's quickest quick-firer "last time."

"We want to be real soldiers or nothing," agrees George Moore, wearing a South African medal ribbon.

The captain accompanying me realises that I am doing a sum as I look at that Boer War ribbon.

"I know what you're working out," he says. "You're thinking that only men from thirty to fifty are supposed to be accepted for the A.M.P.S.

"Yet if you remember the last war, you will recall that consciences were a little bit elastic as to age under the voluntary system. Remember?"

LADS of sixteen went to enlist.

Yes, I remembered.

"Go for a long walk, sonny," they were told, "and see whether you can become three years older by the time you come back."

Men of fifty-odd were invited to walk round the town to see whether they dropped any years on the way.

"I can see you know what I mean," says the officer. "Now you realise why an incredible number of the men who join the A.M.P.S. are forty-nine, just forty-nine!"

In the mess I hear stories about the men from officers who are themselves veterans of the last war.

"We have a veterinary surgeon here who was a Major last time, but hasn't got a stripe now," says the Major. "Won't take one. Doesn't want promotion. We have sent a former Lieutenant-Colonel overseas as a private.

"Look at the D.S.O., D.C.M., M.C., M.M., and other medals. No Corps in the British Army ever had so many decorations for gallantry."

"They're fine fellows," says the captain responsible for the feeding arrangements.

"They'd like nothing more than a whack at the Prussian Guards. But—ahem!—they're old soldiers, remember. They know the ropes. I have to be particularly careful.

"Although they have three meat meals a day I dare not, simply dare not, let any of them go in the cookhouse without permission. They know every trick for getting the tastiest tit-bit."

"Or staying out after midnight," says the adjutant.

I notice the Acting Commanding Officer chuckling.

"But we don't care," he says. "Discipline's an easy matter from our point of view.

"The only punishment you need inflict here is to threaten that they won't go to France or Norway unless they behave."

They're wonderful fellows.

Army drill has changed somewhat since they served before, but they master the changes in a week.

WITHIN a fortnight they're finished with the parade-ground for ever, and the only drilling they then do is to march from point to point.

I meet the oldest Pioneer of the lot. His jaw was shot away at Ypres. He has earned a living since as a London piano-tuner, but radio has stolen away from him more and more of his trade.

"I am enjoying every minute of it," he says. "I lost my dear wife a year or so ago. Life seemed very empty after.

"When the war started I knew that only the comradeship of the last war would make me really happy again. Peace or war, I hope never to lose that comradeship again, sir."

That spirit, I think, animates many of the men who are joining the A.M.P.S.

The comradeship of the trenches and the gun-pits was something they have never been able to replace.

And, of course, there's Hitler.

"It's not nice to know you didn't do the job quite well enough last time," says Sergeant Egin, "and that we left just one blarsted weed behind."

Sergeant Egin's age?

Just forty-nine.

You get tired of hearing that figure!

BATTLE PATROL GOES CALLING

Staccato reports of patrol activity on the Western Front seem hundrum compared with the exciting news from Norway.

A war correspondent gives a vivid snapshot of the heroism by day and night behind the apparent calm.

SOME patrols are sent out to listen, others to search ground suspected of hiding unwelcome residents. They will fight if the necessity arises, but their main object is to observe and bring back information.

In this age of specialisation, even the work of a battle patrol is a task that needs a specialist's care.

A commander of a British battalion holding a sector of the line opposed to Nazi forces will have a number of specially trained battle patrols at his disposal.

Their knowledge of the ground in front of their sector must be as wide as possible.

No one patrol would be sent out over the same area on two successive nights.

Number 1 patrol might cover the area from A to B on Monday, from B to C on Tuesday, and so on. Thus familiarity with the whole territory is created as rapidly as possible.

Suppose the commanding officer has decided to investigate some farm buildings in force.

The farm lies out in No Man's Land, five or six hundred yards away, and there has been a report from a watchful day-time sentry, concentrating on the house with his field-glasses, that a German had been seen at a window

The Germans may be up to all sorts of things inside the farm. They may be mining it. They may have occupied it as an observation post.

The officer in charge of the chosen battle patrol rehearses his men in the task before them. All will have been over the ground previously.

They know the best ways of approaching their objective, and the best methods of taking cover. And they must be word-perfect in his plans.

When they are due to set out that night, each man has the miniature campaign clearly in his mind. He has also memorised the password, which is changed frequently, and is so easily forgotten.

"All right," says the officer, looking at his watch, "we'd better be moving off."

Someone yawns uncontrollably. There is a shuffle of feet and a faint scraping as each man scrambles out of the trench. Shadow by shadow, they disappear into the darkness.

The plan may be to go as far as a certain point in one body. Thence, if still undetected, they may divide and advance on the farm in two parties.

So many minutes will be allowed from the time they separate, so that each party will enter the farm simultaneously, overcoming any resistance and generally mopping up the position. If a prisoner can be brought back, so much the better.

All nerves, all senses, are keyed to the highest pitch as the men crawl towards that farm.

Some men think of nothing but the job that is to be done. Others have flashes of home, flickering, torturing pictures of that life that seems worlds away.

One man with whom I was out on patrol during the last war told me that the whole time he was crawling across No Man's Land he was trying to recall a friend's telephone number. It worried him profoundly!

When the numbered minutes have gone there is no time to think.

Your life depends on perfect co-ordination of mind and muscle.

The leader of each party will give a signal—perhaps a tap on the arm of the man behind him—and next second the invasion of the farm will have begun.

Perhaps the enemy will be taken completely by surprise.

Perhaps he will put up a stout resistance.

The troops waiting in the outpost line will have a rough idea from the amount of noise, the crash of bombs, the chatter of machine-guns.

Later the shadows will slip back, as many, one hopes, as they went out. Perhaps they will bring a strange shadow with them.

"Who goes there?" comes the challenge.

The password is given.

And the sentry mutters to one of his friends—"We were getting a bit worried about you, chum."

PLAIN WORDS TO ITALY

Mussolini can smile charmingly, but—

A. G. GARDINER

always a stark realist, does not minimise the dark consequences if the war spreads to the Mediterranean. But he shows the road will be even darker for Mussolini.

—when it suits Hitler, he quickly frowns

WHAT happened at the Brenner Pass when Hitler and Mussolini conferred in secret in their bulletproof train on March 18 is now as plain as if a loudspeaker had shouted their whispers to the world.

HITLER DISCLOSED HIS PLANS FOR THE COMING INVASION OF DENMARK AND NORWAY AND TOLD MUSSOLINI THE PART HE WAS TO PLAY IN THAT DASTARDLY CONSPIRACY.

Up to that point Mussolini's rôle had been to sit resolutely on the fence.

He dared not plunge Catholic Italy into the brutal massacre of Catholic Poland. He dared not at one gulp become the ally of Comrade Stalin.

He was to be firmly aloof. He was to impress the Allies with his independence. He was to keep them quiet, unalarmed, hopeful that after all he might come down on their side of the fence.

He was even permitted to send aeroplanes to help poor little Finland against the ogre of Moscow on the understanding that Hitler would stop them on the way.

Now, on this 18th of March, the time had come for Mussolini to throw off the mask and lend a hand.

Exactly three weeks hence Hitler was going to make his great gamble. He would seize Scandinavia in a night.

By treachery within and without he expected the *coup* to be a walk-over.

But the Allies would have to fight, and the one fly in the ointment was the British Navy.

All its power would be thrown into the struggle to preserve its dominion of the North Sea.

"It is here, by dear Mussolini," I hear Hitler saying, "that you can help me. Bluff your loudest. Frighten the Allies about the Mediterranean. Threaten them with a naval war on two fronts.

"Break up the British Fleet concentration. Send half of it helter-skelter southward and give me time to consolidate my grip on the Norwegian coast."

YOU do not need to be told how obediently Mussolini has fulfilled his commission.

Almost to the minute the storm cone was hoisted in the Mediterranean.

All the familiar truculent bombast about the power of Italy and the "dynamic" young peoples who were going to disinherit the effete old "pluto-democracies" was belched out by the rabble of spoon-fed journalists, with the priceless Signor Gayda in his rôle of Bombastes Furioso.

The vague claims to the Mediterranean as an Italian lake reappeared. M. Reynaud's friendly words were flung in his face.

GOEBBELS'S LIES ABOUT NORWAY FILLED THE NEWSPAPERS, AND THE FACT THAT HALF THE GERMAN NAVY HAD BEEN SUNK OR PUT OUT OF ACTION WAS TUCKED AWAY IN A CORNER.

Students' anti-British demonstrations were organised and processions of Hitler Youth and Fascist Youth marched through the streets of Rome to affirm the solidarity of Hitler and Mussolini.

How far this hullaballoo arranged at the Brenner succeeded in its purpose we do not know.

Whether the Brenner compact went farther than the undertaking to scare the Allies and weaken our attack on Hitler in Norway remains to be seen. Any day may enlighten us.

What has happened seems to leave small doubt that if Hitler had a decisive success we should have to reckon with the intervention of Mussolini on his side.

But at the time of writing he has not burned his boats. He has only struck the match in readiness to burn them.

It is obvious that the extension of the war to the Mediterranean would profoundly change the character of the struggle. It would give Hitler an active ally where he has hitherto had only a passive one.

IT WOULD INEVITABLY ENGULF THE BALKANS IN THE WAR AND MAKE THE MEDITERRANEAN THE MAJOR THEATRE OF THE NAVAL CONFLICT.

ITALY'S CENTRAL POSITION IN THE MIDDLE SEA AND HER CONTACT ON LAND WITH GERMANY WOULD CONSTITUTE A *BLOC* OF FORMIDABLE POWER.

There are unknown quantities, too, which may count against us.

IT was Mussolini and Hitler who conquered Spain for Franco, and though Spain, ravaged by a three years' civil war, desires peace above everything to recover from her wounds, she would find it difficult to preserve strict neutrality if the conflagration came to the Straits and the Balearic Islands.

And there is Stalin. The spread of hostilities to the Dardanelles would inevitably involve Russia, and, whatever the ultimate aims of the three dictators, Stalin would in the present stage of the struggle be a hostile factor to be reckoned with by us.

It is a dark picture. But there is another side to it. If Italy is dragged into the war by Mussolini she would be dragged in unwillingly.

Her more responsible voices have declared that her entry into the war will be dictated only by her own interests, and in the long view it is impossible that her interests can be served by her becoming the slave of a victorious Germany which is out for world empire.

The people notoriously hate the Germans and do not want war. The Court does not want war. And the Vatican is openly hostile to Hitler.

HERE ARE THE ELEMENTS OF INTERNAL DISCORD WHICH, IN THE EVENT OF THINGS GOING WRONG, WOULD BRING MUSSOLINI DOWN WITH A CRASH.

And things would go wrong. Italy holds a formidable geographical position in the Mediterranean, but a most vulnerable one.

War there would be primarily naval war, and the British and French predominance at sea is already overwhelming and will soon be crushing.

MUSSOLINI, like Hitler, has pinned his faith to the mastery of the air over the fleet, but the experience of the war so far has shattered that calculation.

It has also shown that in the air our men and our machines are superior in fighting quality to the Germans. They are not likely to be inferior to the Italians.

Moreover, without command of the sea, what becomes of Abyssinia, Libya and the Dodecanese?

FROM EGYPT TO GREECE WE COMMAND THE WHOLE LITTORAL OF THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN, AND IF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI WITH STALIN CARRY THE WAR INTO THE BALKANS THERE IS A POWERFUL FRENCH, BRITISH AND TURKISH ARMY TO DEFEND THE THREATENED STATES.

And there is the question of oil. That commodity may well be the decisive factor. Mussolini's intervention will not improve the outlook of Hitler in that respect.

Italy has been importing vast quantities of Mexican oil, and some of it has probably trickled into Germany. That source of supply would be cut off if Mussolini goes to war.

Other things will follow. There will be no oil for Germany from the Black Sea or Rumania.

And Stalin will not forget that the Baku-Batum oil-field is invitingly vulnerable to attack from the Turkish and Syrian side.

In view of all this, will Mussolini take the plunge?

Dare he? I think not.

He has a disunited country behind him; he has received a warning from America, and the mightiest Armada in history is on guard at both gates of the Mediterranean.

The Human Machine

DISGUISED PANIC

ALL of us like to pride ourselves on our ability to "keep our heads," and we all become indignant when anyone suggests we might get panic-stricken in a crisis.

Yet, despite our indignation, none of us is immune.

To "keep your head" you must keep your reasoning powers. You must keep a rigid check on imagination. You must retain your powers of accurate observation and cool analysis. You must be master of your emotions. You must not allow influences outside yourself—to have more than their due weight.

Panic does not manifest itself only in running round in blind circles screaming with terror.

Anyone who does things under the influence of unreasoning emotion instead of by the results of thinking is suffering from panic.

All hoarding is a form of panic. All fear of the unknown is a form of panic. All worry and agitation about something that may never happen is panic.

They're all the result of allowing emotion to override reason. They're all proof that those behaving like this lack the balance and the will power necessary to sit down and think before they act.

There are occasions when anyone may be excused a feeling of panic—but they're not many. The vast majority of things making us feel this way are worth little more than a couple of sniffs of contempt; one for the occasion, the other for allowing it to dominate us.

Few things warrant our allowing unreason to rule our minds.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

PRODUCER STAGES OWN VANISHING TRICK

"G. A. Sullivan, Esquire," picturesque "Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Order of the Rosy Cross"

ALL things considered there was no reason why anybody should have been suspicious when Mister Russell Martin became general manager of Christchurch Theatre, Somerford Way, Bournemouth. There was not even any reason to question his good intentions when playbills and handbills announced the part he was to play in the theatre's future productions.

He advertised a grand "opening" variety show, announcing the presence of such famed artists as Mr. Bransby Williams, Dickensian impressionist; Gladys Church, whistling songstress of the B.B.C.; Toni Raglan, of London's "Crazy Gang"; Tiki Carpenter, the international dancer; Les Storks, the sensational gymnasts; and York and Brady—a most entertaining bill.

And for a week these artists lived up to their reputations as really first-class entertainers. But their confidence was a little shaken when it was discovered at the end of the week that Mister Martin had disappeared.

And he had forgotten to leave any money in the cash-box with which to pay the entertainers.

When they realised that they had been imposed on—some of them were left without even their fares—they turned to Mister Sullivan, who indignantly denied responsibility, but finally gave each artiste enough money to take him home.

I give him full marks for that.

Mister Martin's disappearance was a blow not only to the artists of Christchurch theatre, but also to the people who had become interested in advertisements appearing locally for musicians, a stage manager, and an assistant manager for the theatre.

At least one man parted with money in the hope of finding one of these jobs.

And in bringing to light the scandalous behaviour of this man of straw, you can't help wondering why this impostor was even permitted to stage a show at this theatre.

On the bills the proprietor of the theatre was given as "G. A. Sullivan, Esquire."

He is the picturesque "Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Order of the Rosy Cross," who wears a bishop's mitre, a cardinal's scarlet, when he conducts strange rites in a hut chapel at Christchurch, the air heavy with incense.

I do not for one moment suppose he knew that Russell Martin was really a man of straw, without adequate financial backing to carry through his ambitious plans.

Unfortunately there are too many cases where artists are badly let down.

Many are much worse than the debacle at Christchurch.

Not long ago there was a similar fiasco in a Kentish town, and one of the men responsible left heavy liabilities when he departed.

In these days far too many people embark on theatrical productions without adequate financial resources. Hard-working artists, eager to get "dates," often go on tour under their management even though protection organisations have warned them that they are acting foolishly by doing so.

Clearly, some fresh regulations are needed to stop such undesirable practices.

And I would be most grateful if any reader can give me an idea as to where I can find Mister Russell Martin, because there's trouble brewing for him.

Public Benefactor

MR. L. DONN, Cannon street, Manchester, has been awarded this week's guinea for keeping me informed of developments of a local scandal.

Write to me about anything that you feel needs enquiry.

Address your letters to me personally, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

"Holy Joe" Comes First

EVEN though the new House-to-House Collections Act, designed to put an end to the activities of professional charity promoters, is doing its job in part, I am still receiving lamentations from those who have been deceived.

The first prosecution under the Act caused George Waite, known as "Holy Joe," to be bound over at Birmingham for promoting a charity, "The Birmingham Open Air Mission," without a licence, but I am still convinced that the War Charities Act, found so essential during the last war, will have to be revived if we are to be sure that the pennies given to a pleading young woman with a long spiel about comforts for sailors are to be devoted to the cause for which they are ostensibly collected.

When Patrick Hughes was convicted at Altrincham for procuring charitable contributions by false pretences in the name of the Red Cross, it was explained that out of £106 collected he devoted only £23 to the fund

I was justifiably pleased when I read the parliamentary documents revealing the organisations that have been refused licences under the Act now in force to notice that I have already issued warnings, or been collecting information, about the:—

Goodfellows Benevolent Society,
Link of Aid for Those in Need,
Mitigator,
National Distress Relief Association, and
National Society for the Supply of Comforts.

"The Link of Aid for Those in Need" and "The National Distress Relief Association" have been dealt with in these columns on several occasions, and I strongly advise readers to give only to charities for whom credentials are promptly forthcoming if asked for.

In one account before me virtually the whole of the income is wiped out in salaries and expenses, leaving little for the cause for which the funds were raised.

If this happens with a concern which admittedly does *some* charitable work, what can happen with those created more as business enterprises than charities?

Only A Horse-Laugh

TALKING of fair words, I must tell you about "Stableman" of New Oxford Street, London, W.C., whose circulars, distributed to all and sundry, contain so many examples of the tipster's jargon that you begin to wonder that any well-bred racehorse would be party to such illiterate nonsense.

Behind all this talk of a horse "all lined up" as a "rod in pickle" for the "know alls" and "newspaper experts," there is more than the mere suggestion that this "flier," ridden by a first-class northern jockey, will win with certainty.

It all seems so mysterious that the answer to the conundrum is cheap at half-a-crown.

Even so, I just can't appreciate the philanthropy that inspires this man to want to share his money-making secret with anybody who has half-a-crown to spare.

It's beyond me, or at least it was beyond me.

Then I discovered that "Stableman" disguises the identity of someone in the same stable in New Oxford Street from which another confiding prophet, known as "Harry G.," distributes his alluring circulars.

And oddly enough he asks you to write to him, care of "Mr. Wells," because he fears he might "be dismissed" if his real identity was revealed.

So probably Mr. Stableman isn't the philanthropist you might think.

At the same address you will find the 100 Century Pools Club, whose literature is also a shameful waste of good paper these days.

And that reminds me that J. H. Smith, of Undercliffe Road, Eccleshill, Bradford, is also wasting paper offering £1 a week from a £50 investment in his racing schemes.

Isn't it bunk?

Crime on the Increase

STILL, you know where you are with such small fry as "Harry G." and his stable companions, but you have to be moving pretty fast these days to be one jump ahead—if I may continue to spill words from the horse's mouth—of the bigger international crooks.

Because of them serious crime is now on the increase.

And statistics recently compiled by Mr. John Maxwell, Manchester's Chief Constable, would prove irritating reading for those who so convincingly explained that war would scotch the schemes of the scoundrels in our midst.

Worst forms of crime have become so intensified, says Mr. Maxwell, that new forms of police strategy will have to be devised to cope with them.

In the last few months, property worth £56,000 has been stolen in Manchester. Last year it was only £26,000.

Forgers are far too busy at present.

Their activities were among the reasons for changing banknotes of £1 and 10s. denominations. Spurious notes, supposed to have been printed in this country, are being found in large quantities in France and Italy.

But the forger no longer concentrates only on banknotes.

He can make as much real money just as easily by turning out petrol coupons, passports, railway vouchers, birth certificates and official letter headings from his hidden press.

Government experts have felt a little less sure of themselves since discovering that they have been so easily deceived by "official notepaper," and detectives are even now trying to trace the forger whose "War Office." letter heading has been considered the real thing.

At least three organisations are at work in London—in Soho, in Brixton and in Shoreditch—producing faked credentials.

Only the other day a Scotland Yard man told the Bow Street magistrate that there was a "circle" trading in these forged documents in London's West End. He added that the police were having difficulty in suppressing the racket.

When a prepossessing crook, calling himself Thomas Williams, was sent to penal servitude, it was mentioned that he had spurious letter headings in his possession to help him in posing as "Sir John Chadwick," "Sir John Pollock" and "Sir Leonard Lyle."

Isn't this Cruel?

NO mercy should be shown to men who trick the public, but it seems unfair to pursue Mary Theresa George, a twenty-year-old housewife, who was bound over last September at Kingston for stealing stockings. She paid the price of the goods and fifteen shillings costs.

Later she left Kingston with her baby to join her husband in Wales, and upon her return failed to keep in touch with the probation officer.

Even though she was in a steady job she has now been sent to jail for three months for breaking her recognizances.

Yet police officers say they had no difficulty in finding her, and no fresh charge has been made.

Unless the justices know something of a serious nature, not revealed in open court, surely the law is being handled too heavily in this instance?

Greatest of These . . .

WHEN Jimmy's mother became a widow nine weeks ago through her ex-Service husband dying suddenly, she was left to face the world without a penny piece for the upbringing of her two young children.

Another veteran of the last war, her father is a physical wreck, and her brother is now serving with the British Forces.

With no one to turn to for help, can you wonder that Mrs. E. J. Hadwin, of Pont Street, Ashington, Northumberland, is so beset by worry that she is now suffering from nervous debility.

If readers will send what they can spare, earmarked "Jimmy" to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, they will do something to ease the anxiety of this sorely-tried woman.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

We gratefully acknowledge donations from various regular anonymous donors.

Bluff Hides a Nightmare

Culling information from neutral and secret sources, "John Bull" continues to create a picture of what is happening inside Germany, shows this week how war has crippled industry, strangled trade and robbed the German peoples of their small comforts. Their spirits are now maintained only by wishful thinking.

"THIS is our fifth year of war," said a German industrialist to a would-be neutral customer in Berlin the other day. He was explaining that for more than four years Germany has been virtually on a war-footing, pouring money, vital materials and labour into the creation of armaments.

It was his way of apologising for his inability to meet his customer's demand.

"We can go on for another year," he said, "but we shall beat Britain before then. After reducing the cities to ruins with our thirty thousand warplanes, we shall land troops on British soil. An air raid one day; the next we walk in."

This is typical of the wishful thinking with which Germans are now trying to maintain their spirits. Their despair finds compensation in fantastic threats, but deep down the prevailing mood in Germany is complete despair.

There is nothing left for anybody to fight for.

* * *

● Nearly all industry except that on direct war production has ceased. No deliveries of machinery for home consumption can be promised "for three years." Deliveries abroad, even when the Government promises raw materials, can be made only between 12 and 18 months.

Saxony's famed leather industry is dying for lack of hides and skins. Russian supplies have not materialised, and four thousand men are out of work in Freiburg, a centre of the trade.

Dresden hat factories have lost their former export trade with South America and other Latin countries.

Many large orders have had to be cancelled.

Sewing-machine and typewriter producers in Chemnitz have lost all their trade.

They are now turning out small parts for aircraft manufacturers and such firms as Zeiss, optical manufacturers.

Instead of making gramophones and radio sets for export, the Lumophone Company is now making flame-throwers, mostly for Russia, and one-man tanks, to a blueprint stolen from the Tatra works after the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Even though the law forbids any man to be deprived of employment, nearly half the men in Saxony and Bavaria factories have been "stood off" since January, and even Dr. Ley, German Minister of Labour, had to admit two weeks ago that 6,500 factories are on "short time."

Lack of raw materials and the trade blockade are primarily responsible.

Thousands of badly needed goods wagons are lying at the Gotha railway repair shops, headquarters of the Reich railways engine building, and about five times bigger than the Crewe yards of the L.M.S.

They have been waiting since November to be fitted with wheels and pneumatic brake parts.

Nazi "grow more food" campaigns are handicapped through a shortage of tractors. And now the ration has been cut down again.

Instead of getting petrol for trucks and tractors, Silesian farmers have been offered Polish prisoners to do haulage work.

* * *

● Negotiations are going on in Berlin to close about half the city's businesses, especially those in the textile trades, where the turnover is usually less than expenses. Yet no firm may sack employees. The alternative is bankruptcy.

Most merchants have "one foot in jail." If they try to save their business, they must evade a multitude of regulations. When jailed, they pay ransom to the State to be released.

Polish prisoners, treated like slaves, are being offered to farmers for haulage work because of the petrol shortage.

Trade and other taxation now represents 65-70 per cent. of income.

Because of the recent "boom" in anything representing "tangible property," a new tax squeeze in all businesses with a capital of more than £500 demands full details of such items as furniture, cameras and cars.

Each of these items is taxed separately.

Yet the desire to own "tangible property" is so great that every newspaper carries columns of "want advertisements" offering every kind of personal goods.

There is widespread distrust of the mark as value for money.

MORE SECRETS FROM GERMANY

Prices of second-hand furniture have been doubled in Hamburg since December.

Throughout the Third Reich the mark is considered useful only for paying taxes and for buying rationed necessities.

It is no use for saving.

* * *

● Even with a strict price restriction in goods, shopkeepers are not eager to sell at marked prices, and a fortnight ago a State decree had to be issued forbidding notices in shop windows stating that goods were "For exhibition only. Not for sale."

The State is always adding to its wholesale requisitioning schemes.

All Bavarian households had last week to forfeit textile black-out materials, receiving black paper in their place.

State officials said the materials were needed for new military hospitals.

Such actions bewilder the Germans because the Nazi Government is continually saying that there are ample supplies of all materials. Rationing is only to conserve supplies for a long war.

Throughout all Central Germany last week stationers were asked to hand over all "unbound paper" stocks and relinquish half their stocks of ledgers, calendars and diaries—at the State's valuation.

This valuation is on the basis that such stock is "dead or unsaleable goods," and shopkeepers receive only tax credit certificates in return.

* * *

● Such things as bicycles, ovens and other metalware have been taken from the shops, and the owners told that they are "trustees" for what is left for sale. They must satisfy themselves that purchasers really need the articles before they sell.

A bicycle can be sold only for "work purposes," not for pleasure. Ovens can be sold only for "new buildings." If a housewife already has an oven, she must bring in the old when she buys the new.

* * *

● Food rationing is more severe. Potato ration is down from seven pounds a week a person to four pounds. The three pounds is to be made up with "ersatz bread," made chiefly from maize flour and cattle meal.

All margarine supplies have ceased in Southern Germany and the Austrian protectorate.

Butter is available only on Fridays in the shops.

The *Schwartz Corps* official newspaper recently suggested, without a trace of humour, that when paying calls visitors should bring lemons instead of flowers.

Clothing rations have now become a farce.

The German woman is allowed 100 "units" or coupons a year, but a dress now costs 60 coupons and two pairs of silk stockings 40 coupons.

How Hitler Will Die

WHEN the Nazis are beaten their Fuehrer will be faced by the most agonising problem of his career—his own end!

He must choose between self-destruction and rough justice at the hands of the people whom he has tricked and betrayed.

"When that day comes, this man Hitler will be the same inconspicuous, diffident, colourless personality I knew fifteen or sixteen years ago.

"His eyes will no longer have that ice-cold glance which stimulates determination and energy.

"Those eyes will again, as I have seen them, glance round nervously, uncertain of what they behold, anxiously trying to find out the effect their owner is producing.

"That will be the picture Hitler will present on the last occasion when he is seen alive."

Painter of this picture is a man better qualified to weigh the possibilities of Hitler's end than any diplomat.

He is Willi Frischauer, Austrian journalist, a frequent contributor to JOHN BULL in recent years, who is so feared by Nazis that Hitler himself put a price on his head.

In his new book, "The Nazis at War," he tells how the Fuehrer has been changed by the first months of war.

Forced into the open before his plans were ready, Hitler finds that the initiative has been taken from his hands.

No longer can he count on easy successes.

Loss of self-confidence confronts him with the danger of losing the confidence of his people.

To regain it, he is prepared to smash the Nazi system he has created.

Granting a new constitution to his people, he would announce that his life work had been finished, and hand over the reins to the new generation.

Too late!

Frischauer is convinced that Hitler will pay for his crimes with his own miserable life. Not by Hitler, but by the turmoil of a sweeping revolution will Nazism be crushed.

Goering and many like him will flee to live abroad on their private fortunes. Others will stay to fight for supreme power and to wipe each other out.

Hitler, surrounded by private guards, will also remain to meet death.

Not even his closest friends believe he will choose its most merciful form. He has threatened to commit suicide too often.

But Frischauer, calmly and impartially judging the Germany he knows so well, fears that nothing can stop the Czechs, Poles and Austrians from repaying their persecutors with whip and gun.

Although he warns us that as yet most of the German public is far from revolution, he has no doubt of the horrors that will be wreaked upon the Third Reich and its creator.

"When the fury of released Germany sweeps over Hitler there will be nobody around him to tell the tale of his end. His defenders and attackers alike will go under in the turmoil.

"Will he be in his dream castle at Berchtesgaden?

"Will he be in the woods near Munich? Will he establish a short-lived headquarters in one of the few Nazi islands which are bound to survive?

"I believe that Hitler will disappear into the empty air from which he emerged some twenty years ago.

"We shall be so busy killing the spirit he has created that there will be little time to search for his body."

Frischauer's book, published by Gollancz at 10s. 6d., depicts both the Nazi strength and weakness with truth, restraint and unfailing interest.

How the Balkans Will Fight

By HARRY GREGSON

JUST how strong are these Balkan nations? Could the Allies save them from being overrun?

These are questions which I have been asked repeatedly since my return to London, especially by people who think Hitler's invasion of Scandinavia a side-show to distract the Allies' attention.

Well, if the Balkan countries unite in resisting aggression, they'll pepper his armour as full of holes as a colander.

Rumania's 2,500,000 soldiers, Yugoslavia's 2,000,000 trained reserves, Greece's excellent but small navy, and Turkey's 2,000,000 hardy fighters would build a force equal in man-power to that of the Reich itself.

The Yugoslavs are excellent shots. Descendants of men who waged guerilla war against the Turks for centuries, they excel in hand-to-hand fighting.

Indeed, the Serb has the reputation of being the best infantryman in Europe.

Nor are the Turks any less formidable as fighters.

In the Balkans they say that there is only one way to capture a Turkish machine-gun post, and that is to drag out the dead bodies of the gunners.

A Maritime Nation

The Greeks are more sailors than soldiers. They possess probably the largest number of ships in proportion to their population of any nation in the world.

General Metaxas, the Greek President, has made a good job of reorganising the Greek armies since they were defeated by the Turks in 1920 and 1921.

The well-trained, well-equipped troops who guard Greece's frontier with Italian-Albania to-day are immensely superior to the rabble that retreated from Asia Minor.

Rumanians were swiftly overrun during the Great War, largely owing to the failure of France, Britain and Russia to launch offensives at that time.

To-day, Rumania is twice the size. Mountains that formed her frontiers in 1914 are now far inland. Defences costing £60,000,000, built by King Carol, run from the Yugoslav border to the Black Sea.

As for Bulgaria, her small army ranks in courage with the Serb.

Bulgars say there is only one nation in the world that will stand up to their soldiers in their most-favoured method of fighting—a hand-to-hand struggle with knives—and that is Yugoslavia.

THANKS TO BRITAIN'S FRIEND AND ALLY, TURKEY, IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT ANY DICTATOR'S AGGRESSION AGAINST A BALKAN STATE WOULD BRING THIS FORMIDABLE ARRAY OF FIGHTING FORCES ON TO THE SIDE OF THE ALLIES.

Highly probable, but not absolutely certain.

Turkey's attitude is certain enough. She would be in the struggle immediately Rumania, Yugoslavia or Greece were attacked.

Military Genius

Her armies have been re-equipped, largely with Allied help, and she has two mechanised divisions available for immediate service overseas.

Her commander-in-chief, Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, is the military genius of the New East. She has a powerful air force, which is growing rapidly.

Equipment of the Yugoslav Army, on the other hand, is not very good.

Alarming deficiencies were revealed during a recent test mobilisation.

In view of her lengthy and exposed frontiers, Yugoslavia might think twice before going to the help of Rumania, if that country were the victim of aggression.

Moreover, despite King Carol's tremendous rearmament drive, Rumania is ridden with "Quislings."

Since September last more than 300 new "German businesses" have been established in that country. Significantly, most have a capital of only £50 or £100.

During my tour as JOHN BULL's envoy-at-large, I was far from impressed by some of the Rumanian officers.

But, to be fair, I must report that King Carol is replacing the less efficient type of officer and has reduced the average age of the generals from 59 to 51.

Bulgarians are not likely to be formidable as friends or foes unless they are engaged in a war that removes all internal political differences.

Many of the new recruits were formerly Communist students. I was told they are not even entrusted with live ammunition when on frontier duty in case they use it against their officers.

Certainly, the secondhand armaments supplied by Germany in exchange for Bulgarian tobacco and tomato pulp are of inferior quality.

Exposed to Air Attack

Greeks, like the Yugoslavs, keep a wary eye on Italy. Greece's towns and harbours are exposed to air attack from Italy.

You cannot blame the Greeks if they think twice about seeing their towns and countryside devastated before going to the help of a Balkan neighbour.

The truth is that the Balkans, although formidable in courage and man-power, are, with the exception of Turkey, hopelessly under-industrialised to cope with the Nazi or Fascist air force.

If Hitler attacks the Balkans he will have excellent bases from which to carry out murderous air attacks.

The Italians are equally favourably situated.

The Allies would be faced with the same difficulty as in Norway in the finding of suitable aerodromes on which to base their fighters

It is a safe guess that the Nazis have all the Balkan aerodromes marked and will destroy them as an opening move in any invasion.

FOR THIS REASON, IT IS ALL-IMPORTANT THAT WE BEAT THE GERMANS IN THE AIR.

Then the probability that the Balkans will put up united resistance to aggression against any one of their number will become a certainty.

Behind the grave disquie... expedition is intense indigna...

IT WO... MR. CHA...

WITHOUT FEAR OR F...

"BETTER late than never" is th... favourite saying of unenterprisin... men. At best it is a poor excus... sometimes it isn't even true.

Whether or not the Allies were culpably la... in preparing to counter the German invasion o... Norway, they have certainly been late in admit... ting the facts of a definite reverse.

For weeks our own people had nothing to g... upon except misleading reports from Stockholm... which ought never to have passed the Censor... and a series of niggling official communique... which were always delayed and always so worde... as to obscure the truth, increase confusion an... anxiety.

Anxiety increased because nothing was don... to allay it.

Many people shrugged impatient shoulders.

"It's those 'brass-hats' again," they said... "They are holding up the news."

BUT THE "BRASS-HATS" ARE NOT TO... BLAME THIS TIME.

ON THE CONTRARY, SEVERAL MEN, HIGH...

Why Brand the Objectors?

Conscientious objectors posted to non-combatant units are to be branded. Their battle dress will bear the shoulder numerals N.C.C.—Non-Combatant Corps.

"John Bull" thinks this policy invites persecution. It asks the War Office to think again.

Go with a "John Bull" correspondent on a tour of the first Conscientious Objectors' Camp and see what YOU think.

SCENE is a camp "somewhere in England," a hundred yards from the sea. Two hundred young men who told tribunals they would never do any sort of Army service are drawing their battle dress.

One or two of them look rather near to tears.

They are the pink-cheeked, narrow-shouldered youngsters.

A few seem stern.

One only appears defiant.

Most of them laugh and jostle, and look no sorrier about getting into uniform than the men who joined with me in 1915.

"Has everything been issued to them?" asks the officer with me.

"Everything except those N.C.C. numerals," replies an N.C.O. "We haven't mentioned those. They don't know yet."

The officer nods grimly.

"We don't want them going down to the town branded," he says. "Besides, their womenfolk will be visiting them. No, don't issue those numerals until it is quite clear that we have to."

The men file away to their huts with their uniforms and kits—everything except those badges.

They are a strange mixture.

Some undress down to the last garment in the avenue between the huts. But the pink-cheeked, narrow-shouldered fellows will not even take a collar and tie off in the sight of their fellow-men.

There are two professional footballers among the more robust—one a London forward whose name is famous.

One broad lad holds a pair of khaki trousers up and says "Blimey!"

Another, lips twitching, tacks over his bed the text, "God will protect those who love Him."

They march away to the dining-hall.

"I've seen volunteers march worse on their first day," says the officer with me.

And how they eat the mutton hash, potatoes and tinned peas put before them, to be followed by jam roly-poly.

"I don't suppose one can ask for more," says one. He's a big, muscular fellow who obviously wasn't going to lose his long hair without a sigh.

"'Course you can, s'long as you ask," said the sergeant. "But no scrounging round the cookhouse."

The lad looked mildly shocked.

"I'm sure I'll never do that," he promised.

That afternoon officers interview some, N.C.O.s others.

My officer guide and a sergeant compare notes.

"An excellent lot," says the sergeant. "I've got two want to join the 'Notts and Derbys,' and no end the Air Force. One will go anywhere he's sent."

"A lot of them are like that," says the officer. "Away from the influence of their mothers, most of them are no more against taking part in a war against Hitler than I am."

"We don't ask them whether they would willingly join any other unit. They come to us and tell us about it, as soon as there's no mother to influence them."

"Nine conscientious objectors out of ten are just spoiled boys," agrees the sergeant. "They're fine lads, when they find out that it's a man's job to live in a world of men."

Ten minutes later, at a safe distance, the officer confided to me about the sergeant.

"He's a hard-bitten warrior of the last war, but he's told the commanding officer that he would lead a company of these lads against any enemy in the world. What's more, he's found the men who will follow him. It might actually come off."

Then he thought of those N.C.C. numerals.

"Perhaps they have been issued to us in mistake," he said. "We must brand them if it's our duty, but let's hope there's something wrong."

...sed by the Government's handling of the Norway ...about the stupid Hush-Hush policy which misrepresented ...he situation at the outset.

...N'T DO, ...BERLAIN!

...UR By THE EDITOR

...P IN THE FIGHTING SERVICES, WOULD ...AVE WELCOMED AN OPPORTUNITY TO EX-...PLAIN THE SITUATION.

Monstrous political stupidity denied them that opportunity.

Indeed, the Premier himself, or some other senior Member of the Government, *ought* to have made haste to explain the situation to responsible London editors.

There could have been no valid objection to this course. Such an explanation could not have helped the enemy in any way, but it would have enabled the Press and the public to appreciate the immense difficulties with which our troops were faced.

Moreover, the Government knows from past experience that it can trust the Press in times of crisis.

Responsible newspapers are always ready, without sacrificing their freedom, to present the truth against a truthful background—as they did in peace time, when Britain went off the gold standard, for instance, and all danger of panic was averted.

NOT LONG AGO WE WERE TOLD THAT HITLER HAD "MISSED THE BUS," BUT IT IS OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WHICH HAS MISSED THE BUS" ON THIS OCCASION.

We are convinced that it would have been possible for it to take the public more fully into its confidence.

And the Premier must accept the chief responsibility for this foolish policy of "Hush-hush."

It won't do, Mr. Chamberlain.

It really won't do!

* * *

WORSE than the mere suppression of news, there has been something approaching misrepresentation.

For instance, the broadcast in which Sir Samuel Hoare distinctly conveyed the impression that we were going full steam ahead in Southern Norway was apparently made *after* it had been decided to withdraw our forces from Andalsnes.

For three weeks this discreditable sequence of subterfuge and pious optimism continued. At last the Premier was virtually compelled to make his "interim" report.

Even then Mr. Chamberlain was not completely frank. Even then he took refuge in vague assurances that "the balance of advantage" remained with us.

Perhaps it does, if no other Government change develops from the deplorable mishandling of recent events, it is at least to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain, if he continues in office, will *immediately* decide to stop treating the people of this country like scared children.

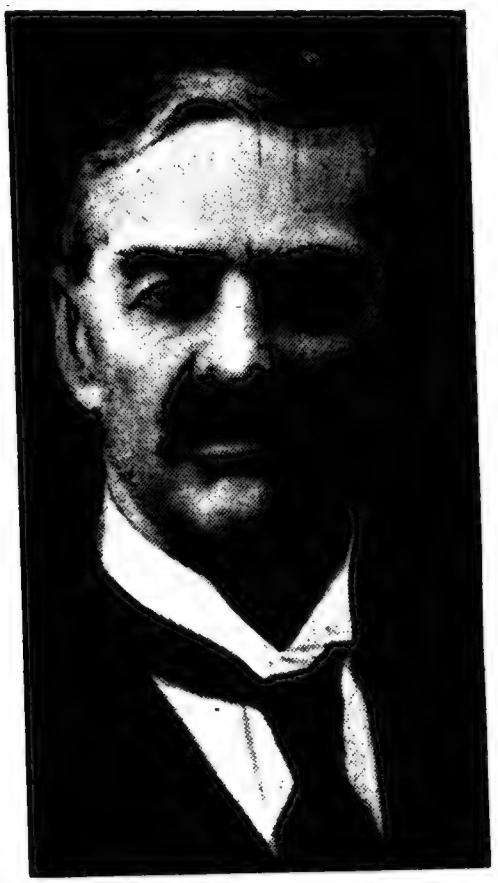
* * *

Urging the Government to "tell England," five weeks ago JOHN BULL said that needless secrecy might do more harm than enemy propaganda.

We repeat that warning.

In the absence of news, the armchair "expert" comes into his own.

Great strategists on paper, some of these military and naval "authorities" have "spread themselves" in handsome "guess-work" on their silly maps.



Mr. Chamberlain cannot escape responsibility

"John Bull" believes that the Germans not only get a hearty laugh out of such experts, but that they also did some fruitful "guessing" on their own account.

Certainly everybody was "left guessing" in this country, and that kind of anxious guessing gives rise to dangerous rumours.

We are not inpugning Mr. Chamberlain's honesty.

HE would probably be staggered if he were told bluntly that he is still mixing political strategy with this do-or-die war. He is doing so, however, if only subconsciously.

He plays for time; he says "it is not in the public interest" to speak just yet, but he "hopes to be in a position" to do so shortly.

His practice, then, is to send privately for Opposition leaders, stress the importance of national unity, and persuade them to "pipe down" in the House when the delayed statement is at last delivered.

It is usually no more than a "partial" statement, and its omissions are again excused on the score of "public interest."

And we cannot escape the conclusion that Mr. Chamberlain hopes, by spinning out time in this way, to evade the real issue and to take advantage of the notorious shortness of the people's memory.

It is not that they are scared by the first reverse, or that they are any less determined to see this war through to victory whatever hardship it may entail, but they are no longer sure that the Government (and that means Mr. Chamberlain primarily) can translate its promises into the tremendous drive which they know must be made.

THEY HAVE, WITHOUT STINT, OFFERED MR. CHAMBERLAIN EVERYTHING TO WIN THE WAR—ALL THE MAN-POWER, ALL THE MONEY, ALL THE SACRIFICE; IN FACT, EVERY POSSIBLE RESOURCE HE CARES TO CALL ON. IN RETURN, THEY EXPECT FORCEFUL LEADERSHIP, AND TO BE TOLD WITHIN REASON WHAT IS HAPPENING.

Instead they have had eight months of comparative secrecy, followed now by news of a clear reverse, which leaves the impression of fumbling irresolution and unpreparedness.

And it won't do, Mr. Chamberlain, it simply won't do.

Argue It Out **by Pallas**

LEADERS OF THE FUTURE

I READ somewhere the other day that when we settle our final account with Germany the names of the men who have led our forces to victory will be surprising.

In other words, the demands of the bitterest and most consequential war in history will produce the right leaders.

Time alone, possibly years of struggle and sacrifice, can prove the truth, or otherwise, of that view. And Time is a slow, implacable factor, far removed from the fears and hopes of mankind.

This question of leadership is one that causes constant worry and argument.

We are fighting so that the ideals of Democracy will survive, so that decency and order and freedom shall not be replaced by the law of the jungle and the slavery of false, evil doctrine.

We are fighting, too, presumably, for a state of life and living in which all men shall be equal and share the fruits of the earth.

But have we ever been equal when it comes to the question of leadership?

For centuries leadership in England has been the exclusive prerogative of certain social classes.

Even to-day, with Democracy on trial for its existence, the class distinction remains.

From the great public schools, the only passports to which are birth and wealth, are drawn most of the men to whom we have entrusted the task of exterminating the Nazi beast.

THE ruling class has done a great deal in building the Empire.

It has sent its sons to the far corners of the earth, as soldiers of conquest, as colonisers, as administrators. It has made sacrifices—but it has clung tenaciously to what it firmly believes to be its right to lead.

The right to lead belongs not to a class, but to leaders.

Generations of leadership of deeply-rooted tradition may fit some men better than others to guide their fellows along the dark, treacherous paths of war.

I doubt it.

In my time I have met many products of public schools. I can count among my friends and acquaintances men who went to Eton, Harrow, Uppingham, Rossall, Radley, Repton, Rugby, St. Peter's and other famous schools.

Some of these men were born to riches; several came of titled families; others of well-off middle-class stock.

In none of those men is there a spark of leadership. According to my lights, they were all failures. Not one of them advanced in life beyond what birth brought him.

Some took the easy path of sloth and extravagance to social ruin.

It is fashionable to look down on public schools—a sort of inverted snobbery. But because I went to a council school to receive the sketchy groundwork of so-called education in an atmosphere of want and ugliness, I am reluctant to condemn schools that provide boys with a social, as well as an educational, background.

And I must confess that among all those whom I knew at council and secondary schools, the spark of leadership was also absent.

If leaders are born, not made, they will come to the fore and claim their rightful heritage, whether that heritage comes to them in cottage or castle, slum or mansion.

HISTORY teems with the names of such leaders. And most of them have fought not for military glory, like Napoleon, but for a better and saner order of society, for the right to speak and think freely, for better working conditions, for less misery and less poverty in the eventide of the lives of the poor.

Neither the cramped confines of the council school nor the luxurious background of the public school can quench the rare spark of leadership, if the spark is there to be fanned to steady flame.

Nor, in a democratic State, especially at a time when the State must have the services of the best brains and qualities it can possibly command, should there exist obstacles to the fanning of the spark.

The days of a "ruling class" are, theoretically, over.

Yet a glance through the records of the men in the Cabinet to-day prove that the old order remains, even though subdued.

Birth, tradition, the old school-tie, all count.

The public schools are still the bulwark against interlopers from the "lower orders."

So it seems that now, as in the past, leaders are bred, not born. And in these desperate days this appears to my bewildered mind a position hardly in keeping with democratic ideals.

But then, who knows from what obscure homes or families may spring the men to whom ultimately we shall give thanks for our deliverance from the Shadow of the Swastika?

Busy people everywhere start the day with a 30-Second Breakfast

PALS. Here you see Miss V. G. Dimes, riding mistress at Sheen House Stables, Sheen, with her favourite horse. Miss Dimes says: "I always start the day with a 30-second breakfast. Kellogg's keep me going all morning long — and my job is real hard work, too. Another reason I like Kellogg's is because they save me all the bother and extra expense of cooking a breakfast."

It's crisp, delicious — it's packed with energy — and it saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve

EVERY MORNING, in every part of Britain, millions start the day with Kellogg's, the 30-second breakfast.

And a grand start for the day it is, too! Those big golden flakes are just packed with energy — they keep you going full-steam ahead right through to lunch time.

Then, too, the 30-second breakfast saves so much time and trouble. It's ready to serve straight from the packet — no cooking, no bother. Think what this means in a busy household.

What's more, Kellogg's are so delicious. Crisp, crunchy, oven-fresh — every spoonful is a sheer delight.

Buy Kellogg's from your grocer and give your family a treat for breakfast. They'll love Kellogg's and you'll be thrilled with the time and trouble you save. Kellogg's cost only 5d. and there are ten big breakfasts in every packet.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the 30-Second Breakfast

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

FIRST FAVOURITE. "My boys tastet on Kellogg's," says Mrs. Brockhurst of Leicester, here seen at breakfast with Michael and David, "because they're so crisp — that's what boys like. Naturally, I'm only too pleased because I know that Kellogg's provide a splendid energy-giving meal."

Ask for Bulmer's Cider

the way to brighten up every-day meals

A FLAGON of Bulmer's on the table turns every meal into a banquet. For Bulmer's is the real country cider matured like wine, made from apples that have slowly ripened in the golden sunshine of the heart of England. Serve Bulmer's 'Dry' Cider and make every meal a sparkling success.

BULMER'S 'DRY' CIDER. Men usually prefer the natural tang of this less sweet cider. And to those who are slimming or who suffer from rheumatism it is specially recommended.

11½D A FLAGON *In England and Wales only. 1/1 in Scotland.*

2½ lbs. of Apples to every flagon

Bulmer & Co., Ltd., HEREFORD. The Largest Cider Makers in the World. *reyds 428*

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco." (Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/7½

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/- 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

IN UNIFORM WHITE TEETH MAKE THE PICTURE

In the "services" white teeth are an invaluable asset. And to make even the dingiest teeth dazzling white you must use the best and safest whitener money can buy. That does not mean the most expensive. On the contrary, the toothpaste used by countless thousands is obtainable at 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube. It is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. No other toothpaste contains this wonderful neutraliser of mouth acids which are the chief 'cause of dingy yellowness, ugly tartar, and decay. See how Phillips' Dental Magnesia will beautify your own teeth! Get a tube to-day. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

SPOTTED DICK

Special Economy Recipe

8 oz. plain flour; 4 oz. margarine or shredded suet; 2 oz. brown sugar; 3 oz. currants; little water to mix; 2 heaped teaspoons Borwick's. Sift together flour, salt and Borwick's. Add fat, sugar and fruit. Bind to a stiff dough with water. Boil or steam 2 hours in a greased basin. Serve with a white sauce or custard.

SAVES EGGS SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

4d./40

WAR-TIME JEALOUSY

HUMANIST this week deals with some of the domestic problems created by the war, gives advice to those whose homes have been disrupted either by evacuation or military service.

TYPICAL of many war time wives is the reader who found a piece of paper bearing another woman's address in a pocket of her soldier husband's uniform. She fears he is "carrying on" with her while he is away from home.

"I don't know what is the matter with him," she writes. "Each time he comes home on leave he finds fault with everything I have done.

"I am not narrow-minded.

"I know men like women's company, and I only wish he would tell me whether there are any girls with whom he goes about.

"I love him so much, but he does all he can to make me miserable. I never look at another man, yet he tries to make out I have been out with someone else.

"When I ask him what is wrong he shouts and uses abominable language.

"I don't want to give him up, and the children think the world of him."

The man may be having an "affair" with another woman, but there is no doubt that it is heavy on his conscience.

He accuses her of doing the same thing to try to justify himself. He flies into tempers and finds fault for the same reason.

Yet he is not the sort of man who habitually does this kind of thing.

He is secretly ashamed of himself.

The wife must assure him that she loves him in spite of everything, that she has faith in the man as she knows him.

If she's patient and "understanding," I feel sure he will recover his senses.

ANOTHER married woman, whose husband is in France, is at her "wit's end" because her husband has been receiving mischievous letters from neighbours saying she has been entertaining soldiers.

"He immediately wrote to say he was getting a divorce!" she said. "I have been to several dances, and I told him about them at the time. But I love him far too much to think of anyone else.

"He wrote nasty letters, then none at all. I begged him to come home, but he refused, even though he had leave last month he never came near me."

Apparently the man is ready to believe any malicious letter sent by neighbours, but is unwilling to listen to the wife's side of the story.

The wife is innocent, but he will not believe her.

He cannot sue for divorce because there are no grounds for it, and no solicitor would accept his case.

Jealous by nature, he is only too willing to believe the slightest hint of his wife's misbehaviour. He torments himself as he torments her.

It may be "wicked" for a young woman of twenty-five to go to a dance, but you cannot get even a judicial separation for that.

These are only two problems sent by women readers, and I am convinced that there are hundreds of similar instances of heart-breaking anxiety.

An entirely different problem is sent by a woman who is foster-mother to two young girls.

"We have two lovely girls aged four and five staying with us," she writes. "We have no children of our own, so they are just what we have always wanted.

"We love them dearly, but naturally their parents also love them. The children show great affection for them, but even more for us, on whom they depend for their daily care.

"It breaks my heart to think of the parting that must come.

"Would it not be kinder to snap the bonds immediately?"

The woman ought not to have any guilty feelings about the children. It was part of her duty to the nation to protect them, and it is good to know what happiness it brought.

READERS will recall the problem set by the man who was assistant in a shop where his "boss" was cheating the customers. I advised him to leave the business, and only one reader disagreed.

"The assistant should tell the trader what he thinks of his dishonest practices and refuse to be a party to them," says one reader. "It is better to accept unemployment money than money made by fraud.

"I was once sacked through having the honesty to say 'No.'

Is it wicked for a wife to go to dances while her soldier husband is in France . . . and should neighbours tell the husband?

"A fortnight later I obtained work with another firm at 17s. 6d. less. Only two weeks after I was made a foreman.

"Two months later the first firm went bankrupt. Where should I have been if I had stifled my conscience and remained with them?

"Later on I started on my own, and even though I had only a small capital I have done well.

"From the start I determined I would never give anyone a bad deal. When trade has been slack I have been tempted to make more by less honest methods, but I have always refrained.

"I have come to the conclusion that what appears to be a knock-out is often a push to further success."

There is a great deal of truth in this. What looks like an obstacle can be used as a stepping-stone, provided you have the imagination to realise it.

Honesty paid the writer of this letter, but he would not have repented being honest even if it had not benefited him.

There are times when evil seems to triumph over goodness, and our faith is sadly tried.

But deep down in our hearts is an unquenchable belief in the ultimate victory without which life would be but a sorry business.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*

Now Essential in Defending Britain from Bombers, Solly, the Silver Blimp, is

Hero of the Sky's Maginot Line

WEIGHING 565 pounds, you can see the hero of this story most days tethered at about ten thousand feet, his silvered side glinting like a gem, set in the blue of the summer sky.

The men who devote their days to his welfare have a rather loving nickname for him, even though he is merely a flag on the official defence map of the Air Ministry, a cipher in that vast system of barrage balloons stretching across the British Isles.

Anyway, let's pretend he is known as Solly.

His story must be told in two parts because you cannot realise the size of the organisation devoted to him until you have seen him not only at his station, but also in the casualty ward to which he goes when he is injured through some freak of the weather.

First you must go into a fine old Georgian house with its pillared entrance, its thick carpets, its Old Masters on the walls, its atmosphere of conservative antiquity.

For this home of a famous British family is now the secret headquarters of London's barrage balloon system.

Its rooms, peopled by ghosts of aristocrats for many years, now hold the paraphernalia of war.

And among the leather-bound volumes in the library, the Wing-Commander in charge pores over the maps showing the precise disposition of his flights of balloons.

Each balloon site has a series of points rising from it, each point representing a different height. Pins are placed in the different points, showing the exact height at which any balloon is flying.

The telephone jangles.

One of the balloons has developed a tear, slowly folded on itself and begun to deflate. By rapid manipulation of intricate controls, the crew manage to nurse the stricken monster to earth.

It is our friend Solly!

The Wing-Commander immediately makes arrangements for a substitute balloon to be sent out, while the injured Solly goes into a casualty station.

Two hours after the accident, a new balloon is flying in the place of Solly. The whole balloon system is so mobile that the complete barrage of any town can be replaced in twenty-four hours.

Weather conditions often cause many casualties, and because each balloon costs £580, balloon doctors have become essential.

An injured balloon is packed into canvas-lined bundles, and driven to the camouflaged casualty station—"somewhere in Surrey."

After details of damage and identity have been carefully recorded, the huddled mass of fabric is driven into a vast hangar, where a network of steel girders goes rearing away above you.

The injured balloon is first carefully examined and the repairs planned. Then a squad of men and women get busy. Enormous patches are placed criss-cross over any tear.

The sight of a gargantuan length of material sufficient to clothe a hundred women, running through a quite normal sewing machine, would dismay any mother, yet the women working these machines have homes of their own, and probably go back each night to stitch together minute pieces of baby clothes.

Across in the testing hangar, a powerful pump drives air into the doctored balloon.

The flanks gradually develop graceful shape and soar away above you. A broad, brotherly thing is Solly, and soft to touch. But he is essential to your safety!

"WHEN WE LOSE FAITH"

WHEN we lose Faith the birds all cease to sing, the fields and lanes and gardens hold no charms, we only catch the scents of Aprils past, lifted beyond our reach in Time's quiet Arms.

WHEN we lose Faith we shut a silent door and stars of Hope shine on the other side, and Pity lights a candle that it may shed its pale flame to mark where Faith has died.

WHEN we lose Faith we lose the power to steer our course through all the hazards of the day, and then our chances pass us like Bright Ships that see Despair's Grey Port and sail away.

WHEN we lose Faith we lose the Song of Life, we lose the Truth, the Vision, and the Prayer. When we lose Faith we lose the only thing THAT HELPS US EVERY OTHER THING TO BEAR.

WHEN we lose Faith the Shores of Heaven grow dim with those false clouds of Doubt, and Fear, and Lies. When we lose Faith the Devil leads us Down with his Dark Hand which first puts out our eyes.

WHEN we lose Faith we lose the Shining Thing that lifts a man beyond his own small power. When we lose Faith we lose God's Golden Sun because we've not the heart to face the shower.

J. M.

Your War-time need of IRON-STRENGTH

Extra IRON gives you Extra ENERGY!

"I was feeling very run-down, no appetite, hardly any energy, and my hair had lost its usual sheen. I was advised to try Iron 'Jelloids', and, to my surprise, after taking them for three weeks I felt fine. My appetite returned, my hair regained its brightness, and I had new vitality. I shall always recommend them." (Mrs.)——

Ask yourself—

Have I any of these symptoms of Iron Starvation?

Nervous Exhaustion	Difficulty in Swallowing
Lack of Energy	Weak Digestion
Depression	Constipation
Faintness	Sore Tongue
Breathlessness	Brittle Nails
Palpitation	Falling and Fading Hair
Headaches	Pale Lips
Heart Pains	Sallowness
Liability to Colds	Skin Blemishes
Poor Appetite	

If you have any of these symptoms *suspect Iron-starvation*, and take a course of Iron 'Jelloids' to make *sure* of iron - strength.

Now, more than ever, do you need *iron-strength* and the vigour, energy, and staying-power that *iron-strength* gives you.

Theoretically, we should get all the iron we need from the iron-rich foods, such as meat, green vegetables, fruits, and eggs. But few of us do, however, and especially now that our consumption of these foods is reduced, Iron 'Jelloids' should be taken at meal times to ensure full *iron-strength*.

Iron is not a medicine. Iron is an essential element of your physical constitution. With NO iron in your body you would die; with insufficient iron (*iron-starvation*) you can never be really fit and vigorously healthy.

After such a trying winter, with its colds, influenza, and other debilitating effects, you are more than ever likely to be iron-starved. So be on the safe side, *start a course of Iron 'Jelloids' with your next meal.* You will soon begin to feel better every day, in every way. The 1/3 size lasts 10 days, the 3/- size 36 days—only a penny a day!

As a famous physician has written:

"Iron 'Jelloids' present us with an efficient manner of administering iron in the most convenient and successful form yet known. Iron 'Jelloids' may be taken with the sure knowledge that benefit will accrue and that the former sufferer will regain health of body and happiness of mind."

Iron Jelloids®

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A *(containing quinine).* For CHILDREN: No. 1.

fortify you with IRON-strength!

Our new booklet, "IRON-STARVATION, *the Thief of Health and Strength,*" will be sent post free on receipt of this coupon. Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Women's Worst Enemy — How Young Girls Suffer — The danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better Than any Beauty Treatment—etc.

The word 'Jelloids' is regd. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J.99), Watford

Please send your booklet "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength." J.B.11/5/40

Name.....

Address.....

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Post unsealed under 1d stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

***FIRST*—Andrews cleans the mouth and tongue.**

***NEXT*—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.**

***THEN*—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.**

***FINALLY*—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, corrects Constipation. 9d. and 1/4.**

(125e)

Romance comes quickly when you never have a shiny nose

Banish shiny nose and you double your charm at once! You know that—but do you know how to do it? The secret is to use Snowfire Powder Cream. Once this fragrant powder-cream puts its alluring 'matt' bloom on your skin, shine just hasn't a chance. Your complexion keeps a freshly-powdered look no matter how hot you get. You're bewitching because you *know* you're looking your best. There are six enchanting skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan.

SNOWFIRE Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer

Jars 6d. & 1/3 Tubes 6d. Handbag Containers 3d.

7 for 6d STEAD RAZOR BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET OR ONE PENNY EACH

COBRA is brighter quicker easier

And BEING WHITE it does not alter the original colour of Floors, Furniture or Linoleum

COBRA WHITE

TINS 3°6° & larger sizes

WAX FLOOR POLISH

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Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALED HER INJURED WRIST

Read this Amazing Tribute

"I am writing to express my thanks for *Germolene*. Five months ago I badly hurt my wrist in the mangle. Treatment failed to do me any good. Last Friday I sent for a tin of *Germolene* and after *five dressings*, my wrist is quite all right again.

I shall never be without a tin, my three children are always liable to bruises and falls and *Germolene* will always be useful."

Yours faithfully, Mrs. A. H., Wolverhampton.

Think of it! Five months' suffering ended by five applications of *Germolene*! You, too, should never be without a tin of this wonderful healing ointment. It is essential in EVERY Home for prompt treatment of household accidents and to banish all skin suffering quickly and completely.

GERMOLENE QUICKLY HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS RASHES SPOTS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

FOR EMERGENCY USE ASK FOR **Germoplast** FIRST AID DRESSINGS CONTAINING GERMOLENE MEDICATION 6d and 1/- per tin from Chemists

WILL SCOTT lets you into the secret of Fatty's little joke in this short story of Mr. Miggs, the village shopkeeper who was suddenly found to possess second sight.

Fatty Just Smiled

Sitting in the Twopenny Eats tying his boot, he was enjoying the joke in advance

FATTY liked his joke. He liked his joke about as much as he didn't like work. Sitting now in the Twopenny Eats, behind a cup of what they called coffee, tying the flapping sole of his boot on with a piece of string, he was liking his joke in advance.

He couldn't help laughing.

The sun had been down this half an hour and the daylight was fading. The male prop. of the Twopenny Eats began to put up his black-out.

"A business, havin' to do this every night," he said, "all because of a 'ouse-painter wot couldn't make it pay."

"Ah," said Fatty.

He bought a penny cooked sausage and rolled it away in his handkerchief to store against the morrow. Then he went out and sat on the wooden bridge which spanned the brook in front of the Twopenny Eats. Soon it was dark except for the starlight. Fatty shuffled talking.

He crossed the arterial road. He crossed the railway. He came to the end of a long lane and kept on.

Presently the lane became a road. Bungalows appeared. They were simply blacker-looking smudges in the blackness, but Fatty knew they were bungalows from what Dusty Dan had told him. An extra long smudge was a terrace. Then a gap.

The end of the gap would be the allotment and the smudge beyond it the shop.

Fatty shuffled to the side of the road. You could just make out the fence in the starlight. One part was lower than the rest. Fatty put out his hand and found you could push it open. The gate, like Dusty Dan had said.

The shop stood back from the road and on the empty space in front of it were trestles—empty trestles now, but full of things to sell in the daytime.

"Ha! ha!" thought Fatty, drawing back into the middle of the road.

No sense in laughing aloud and drawing attention to yourself. Not that there was anybody to notice.

Now, there was a thing: funny how the black-out was always so empty. Never anybody about anywhere once the darkness came.

Oh, well, all the better. Just what you wanted for a job like this.

All the same, Fatty didn't turn back, having located the place. He kept on, down the middle of the road, taking everything in in the starlight.

You only wanted one way in, but you often wanted two ways out. Just in case. Things had gone wrong before to-night, and Fatty didn't believe in taking chances. You could ruin a joke completely by a little bit of carelessness.

IN a quarter of a mile or so the road broke at a pub, one arm turning off to the right. Good enough, thought Fatty. Three ways out if things came unstuck. It would mean running, and he hated running. But no sense in thinking about that. Not till things did come unstuck.

Now he turned back, having got the place well mapped in his mind. And as he passed the shop and the allotment for the second time he treated himself to another silent laugh. Things like this it was that were the salt in life's soup.

He came to the railway and under. He came to the arterial road and over. He kept on, leaving the Twopenny Eats on his right. He came at last to the haystack.

Here Fatty became about as busy as ever he was. He pulled the barrow out from the back of the haystack on to the road and sat on it.

He waited for twenty minutes, and then from far across the fields he heard the twelve strokes of midnight chiming from some village church.

"Good enough," thought Fatty.

And in half an hour he was outside the allotment beside the shop.

It was really very kind indeed of the black-out to be so empty and so silent. There was nobody to see and nothing to hear.

The first load disposed of twenty cabbages from the allotment, a third as near as mattered of the allotment's stock. Loaded up on his barrow, Fatty returned to his haystack hide-out and put the cabbages in store.

Six times in all, coming and going, Fatty came to the railway and under, the arterial road and over, leaving the Twopenny Eats on his right or his left, according to whether his barrow carried a load or not.

After the last load he closed the allotment gate, which he thought was very nice of him. And he reckoned he'd earned his night's repose as finally he tumbled behind the haystack and wriggled into the softest spot.

"Not so bad," he said. "Not so blinkin' bad. I ought to carve up ten or twelve bob for the lot of them. Very good. Diggin' for victory!"

LITTLE Winifred brought the news.

"Pa," she said, "somebody's been at your cabbages."

Mr. Miggs shoved his razor into his shaving-pot and reached for the towel.

"You said what?" he mumbled.

"Somebody's been at your cabbages, Pa."

"What do you mean—at?"

"They've gone!"

"Gone!"

Mr. Miggs stopped rubbing his face. This seemed to be too much to take in at one go.

"You said what?" he repeated.

"Somebody's been at your cabbages, Pa," said little Winifred. "They've gone."

"Do you mean the cabbages or the people?" snapped her father.

"Your cabbages, Pa."

"Gone?"

"Yes, Pa."

"What—all of 'em?"

"Yes, Pa."

You might have thought, at that moment, that somebody had stuck a white-hot spike into Mr. Miggs. Little Winifred hardly saw him go; he went so quickly. Bounding after him little Winifred went. She wanted to see the fun.

Mr. Miggs, on the ruins of his allotment, kept absolutely still and absolutely silent for about one second. Then he told the world.

"I'll have the soul out of his body!" he threatened. "Just let me set hands on him. I'll mince him up!"

The allotment was a dreadful mess. Soil churned up all over the place and not a cabbage left. A fine row of coming-on cabbages trodden out of existence into the bargain.

The neighbours were sympathetic.

"Must have been somebody in the night," they said. "Not that *we* noticed anything."

"And the soil's too soft for footprints," said one of the sharper ones.

The real trouble was that Mrs. Brown wanted a cabbage and Mr. Miggs had no cabbages for sale. Mrs. Lacey and Mrs. Phipp wanted cabbages, too, but the trestles in front of the Miggs shop were empty.

"Limb from limb!" Mr. Miggs promised his onlookers. "Just let me get within three feet of him!"

"Trouble is," said somebody, "you don't know who he is."

"Bah!" snarled Mr. Miggs, retiring to his shop.

UP the road came Fatty, pushing his barrow.

"Cabbages! Fine cabbages!" he called.

Trade was good. Mrs. Brown had one. Also Mrs. Lacey and Mrs. Phipp. Fatty pulled up his barrow in front of the Miggs shop.

This was the bit that had made him want to laugh for hours past, the joke he had been seeing for so long in advance. Selling his own cabbages back to the poor mug! Because what could you prove? Cabbages don't wear dog-collars or answer to "Flossie." You couldn't prove nothing. A cabbage is just a cabbage.

"Cabbages! Fine cabbages!" Fatty called.

Suddenly from the Miggs shop burst Mr. Miggs in person.

"Ah!" said Mr. Miggs.

"Mornin'," said Fatty.

"My cabbages!" roared Mr. Miggs.

"Pardon?" said Fatty.

"My cabbages!" bellowed Mr. Miggs.

Fatty was most indignant.

"These," thundered Mr. Miggs, "are my cabbages. You pinched 'em in the night. Out of my allotment."

"Beggin' your pardon," said Fatty, "but I never been in these parts until this mornin'."

"You came here last night!"

"Beggin' your pardon," said Fatty.

"Righto," said Mr. Miggs. "Police station."

THIS was a bit sudden, this was. Fatty couldn't *see how*. He began to get anxious.

"Look 'ere," he said. "'Arf a mo."

He took out his handkerchief to wipe his hands, and something rolled. Mr. Miggs pounced on it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "A penny cooked sausage. And you didn't get that at the Twopenny Eats, I suppose? When?"

"'Smornin'," said Fatty.

"He doesn't open till eleven," snapped Mr. Miggs. "Come on!"

And he grabbed the alarmed Fatty by the arm.

"'Arf a mo," Fatty protested.

"It's come with me or it's go to the police," said Mr. Miggs. And followed by some of the curious he marched Fatty back to the Twopenny Eats.

"Seen this fellow before?" he asked the sole prop.

"Last night," was the answer.

"Ah!" said Mr. Miggs to Fatty "So you weren't in these parts before this morning, eh? Now—do you want the police or don't you?"

"Look 'ere, mister——."

"Yes or no?"

"No, mister."

"Right!"

And into the brook went Fatty.

Drying himself in a wood that noon Fatty tried to work it out, but couldn't.

"Dunno 'ow 'e knew," he mused. "Must be second sight."

Addressing his neighbours, Mr. Miggs said: "Before the black-out Constable Pringle used to be a big fat man who went down the road every night. Just as Mr. Scatter used to be a little man going to the post in a hurry. Since the black-out Pringle is just a set of heavy footsteps going slow, and Mr. Scatter is just a set of light footsteps going quick.

"The black-out makes you listen. A man with a flapping sole on his boot went past last night before I went to sleep. Twice. So that when he tried to sell me cabbages this morning and I heard his boot sole flapping, I got my pin right through him. Quick!"

STATE OF EMERGENCY

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W. HELLIWELL, compering Giants of the Ring, presents Packy McFarland, once a slender Adonis, who is now a brewing magnate, turning the scales at seventeen stone

This Boxer Kept His Good Looks

YOU can't imagine that slimly-built fighting machine, Packy McFarland, one-time lightweight wizard, as a seventeen-stone brewing magnate, now a millionaire leader of Chicago society.

To fight fans of thirty years ago his name meant a pale, slender Adonis with raven-black, crisply-wavy hair; a dapper youngster whose flawless boxing style was a joy to watch.

But McFarland with a Teddy Brown silhouette! A seventeen-stone millionaire with a Goering waistline!

I always regret that during my last trip to the United States I did not have time to visit the Chicago home of the ex-fighting millionaire brewer to see how plump prosperity suits him.

I should have been sure of a welcome.

The quietly-spoken fighter will always be remembered among the most unassuming, friendly Americans ever to cross the Atlantic to fight in this country.

McFarland never dropped a single decision as a professional fighter.

His astonishing speed and superb defence made him so difficult to hit that, through a long and strenuous career against some of the toughest hitters in the business, his classic profile remained unmarked.

He retired from the ring as handsome as he entered it.

Packy's present mansion is probably many streets away from his parents' home overlooking the Chicago slaughterhouses where he was born. Yet it was because of this humble home that he was known as the Stockyards Boy.

Among Packy's most memorable contests are those in which he clashed with Freddie Welsh — hustling, two-fisted Welsh battler.

He beat the British champion by a slack of points over ten rounds at their first meeting in the United States in 1908, but before Freddie sailed for home he arranged a return in which, contrary to the opinion of ringside experts, the referee announced a draw.

McFarland did not complain, but the sports writers were loud in their protests.

BELIEVING that the ring was the place in which to settle such disputes, Packy chased Welsh across the Atlantic.

The third meeting between the rivals at the National Sporting Club in May, 1910, is still considered to be among the most sensational ever staged in that temple of boxing, not so much because of the fight as the astounding scenes that followed.

In those days programmes at the National Sporting Club were conducted in a solemn, decorous atmosphere, more suggestive of a religious convention than a sporting event.

The most thrilling battle was watched in unemotional silence. Booing or cheering was taboo. The limit of applause was a moment's gentle handclapping between rounds and at the end of the contest.

At the end of the twenty-round fight between Welsh and McFarland the usually staid members went crazy.

Fists were brandished. Gold-mounted canes were flourished from the balcony. Angry shouts of protest echoed from all sides.

Such a thing was unprecedented in the long history of the club, and it was not because the British fighter had been unfairly treated, but because the members maintained that the American had been robbed of his due.

For twenty rounds Packy, prince of stylists, had boxed the tough and ferocious Welshman dizzy. Yet, when they stood back after the final gong, Tom Scott, throwing both arms wide, indicated that they had fought a draw.

For a moment there was a stunned silence.

Then, as the truth dawned on the spectators—and it included leading English experts—pandemonium broke loose.

Packy McFarland was a clear-cut winner, but he was the calmest man in the hall as Scott announced his decision.

Grinning broadly, Welsh executed a little double-shuffle of delight.

Like everybody else, he was convinced that he had lost.

THE American, outwardly unperturbed, although he must have been bitterly disappointed, crossed to shake him by the hand.

Welsh had developed an aggressive, tearaway style of boxing, and, even though he went all out to slug his way to victory at the beginning of the fight, he was no match for the Stockyards Boy.

Sometimes Packy contented himself with flicking and jabbing at Welsh's face with his long left; at others he beat him at his own game, coming in close to hammer swift hooks and jabs to his ribs and stomach.

In this way McFarland steadily increased his lead.

Never for an instant was Freddie ahead of him, and, cunning though he could be in defence, the Welshman could do nothing to evade that persistent left.

Towards the end, desperate because he obviously needed to register a knock-out blow to win, Welsh threw discretion to the winds and went after the American with reckless fury.

He whipped in vicious punches from all angles, but the majority carved holes in the air.

McFarland, who possessed a miraculous sense of distance and timing, made him miss by inches without appearing to move.

A SLIGHT shift of feet, an almost imperceptible motion of his dark head. He made it look so easy.

But Welsh was a dogged battler.

He maintained his non-stop hitting until the final gong, and the few punches that connected had plenty of steam behind them. More than once he rocked Packy back on his heels.

In the closing minutes he cut the American's eye and sent blood gushing from his mouth with two smashing blows, but it was not enough to wipe out the points that Packy's brilliance had established.

The most likely explanation for Tom Scott's extraordinary decision is that he was not fit to referee a fight that night. It was his last appearance in a ring, and he died in a mental home a few months later.

Packy had one more fight in this country, knocking out Jack Goldswain in three rounds a few weeks later. Then he sailed for home, never having once uttered a word of protest.

Many modern fighters would do well to follow his example.

To fight fans of thirty years ago Packy McFarland's name meant a dapper youngster whose flawless boxing style was a joy to watch.

Voice of the People

DO NAVY'S GIRL GUESTS TALK?

PART of my work with a motor hire firm is to drive young women to the docks to be entertained by naval officers.

During the last war a Sea Lord objected to these proceedings at a naval base, and it was stopped.

Who can tell what valuable information these women may obtain? When driving them home in the early hours of the morning, I often wonder what they have learned of value to the enemy. —A. Turner, Bank Street, Greenock.

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Ex-Official's Job

A SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD Bedford man, now drawing a pension of more than £700 a year as an ex-official of the Corporation, has been appointed local Food Controller at a salary of several hundreds a year.

When a Labour Member drew attention to this he was told that it had nothing to do with the Town Council.—W. M. K., Kingsley Road, Bedford.

[JOHN BULL again voices its objection to pensioners with comfortable incomes who fill other well-paid posts to the detriment of those in need of employment.]

Lives or Money?

THREE years ago Stockbridge Urban District Council decided that an ambulance was too great an expense. The local ambulance was taken off the road and arrangements were made to use the Sheffield ambulance.

Now all ailing or injured persons here have to wait for the ambulance from Sheffield to take them to a hospital nine miles away.

One woman, suffering from acute appendicitis, waited in agony for two hours for the Sheffield ambulance. Ratepayers in Stockbridge are indignant. Must lives be lost before our councillors realise their stupidity and their responsibility.—J. Rodgers, Cross Lane, Stockbridge.

In Officers' Mess

RADIO sets supplied to the Fighting Services by the Nuffield Trust Fund are finding their way into the officers' quarters.

Troops must do without radio, if they cannot afford to buy sets of their own. —"Some of the Boys, Somewhere in Wiltshire."

No Challenge

CARRYING a message from the shipyard where I am employed to the Captain of a large vessel lying at Glasgow, I walked on to the quay, boarded the ship and delivered the message.

Nobody challenged me at any part of the journey, although I might have been an enemy agent bent on sabotage.

The same state of affairs exists at Liverpool and other great seaports. Such slackness is criminal when the country is at war.—G. S. Gibb, Moness Drive, Glasgow.

Naval Disappointment

I WISHED to join the Royal Navy, and in due course went to Whitehall to sit for an examination, which I passed. Imagine my disappointment when I was informed that I was ineligible because my mother is an Egyptian.

Although my father and myself were born in England, the fact that my mother is a native of Egypt disqualifies me for joining the British Navy. Please could you do anything for me?—W. H. Winslet, Mayne Avenue, Luton.

In peace time the question of parentage would not arise if an applicant of good report wished to make the Royal Navy his career. Only when the country is at war is British birth and parentage insisted on by Naval recruiting authorities.

Spirit of Youth

MEN who went through the last war insist that the present generation could never stand up to the hardships they endured, that they are made of sterner stuff and there is not the same high spirit abroad to-day.

We appreciate all that our fathers accomplished, but why don't they get wise to themselves and realise that the Fighting Services are still as eager to give their all for England and for freedom?—V. Tredgel, Staddon, Plymouth.

Apprentice Trouble

WHAT will be the position of the lads of twenty whose apprenticeships were broken when they were called up?

After the war, have they to go back as apprentices, earning no more than a beginner's wage?

If the war lasts any length of time, they will suffer terribly. Should they not be given their indentures?—J. Stainton, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

By the time a Militiaman is due to join the Forces he is usually within only a few months of ending apprenticeship, and a "Hardship Tribunal" will grant him an extension to gain the indentures. On his return to civil life the Militiaman is allowed to complete the few remaining months of his apprenticeship and then takes the wages of a [illegible] craftsman

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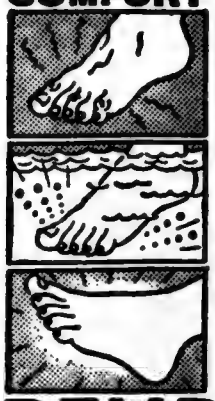

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2 Relief comes instantly. All soreness and swellings are eased and comforted; callouses rub off with a towel; inflamed and hard corns are softened and loosened.

3 Look at your feet! The skin is so soft round the corns that the roots can be lifted *right out*, and your whole foot feels new and refreshed.

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A SHORT SHORT STORY.

You Can't Run Away From Love

By CAROL MAYNARD.

JILL shut her suitcase with a snap, then turned for a last look round the daintily furnished room.

How pretty it was! She and Bill had painted the walls themselves, that first golden summer. And the darling little draped dressing-table with its rose-bud chintz had been his wedding present to her.

And now she was going—leaving it all. How could she do otherwise after—Jill clenched her hands with the pain of remembering. For the hundredth time she re-lived the scene at the dance last night . . . saw Helen Carr drifting like a snow-flake in Bill's arms, hour after hour . . . heard her own voice, shrill with misery, accusing, reproaching. And Bill sullenly defending himself . . .

Jealousy

"You're being absurd—Helen's only a kid! But at least she's got some life and 'go' in her . . . And goodness knows it isn't much fun at home nowadays . . ."

Fun! Jill's lips curled in a bitter little smile. That's all men think about. No matter how you slave for them—well, thank goodness she needn't stand it any longer. She could go home . . . get a job again . . . maybe, later, a little flat of her own . . .

Quickly, before the tears started again, she picked up the suitcase. Down the stairs, then the front door—the street—

"Jill! My dear!"

Bill's mother! But she was away in the country—miles away. What was she doing here? And looking so flustered, too . . .

"Thank goodness!" Mrs. White was hot and breathless. Catching trains at a moment's notice is no joke when you're sixty-five. "Bill telephoned this morning. He said something was wrong—I couldn't hear what exactly, the line was so bad—something about the dance last night, and you being upset——"

"Oh!" Jill's laugh was defiant, if shaky. "And I suppose he also told you that I'm a jealous little fool, and too dull and miserable to live with——"

"*Jill!*"

Wife, or . . . ?

"Well, that's what he thinks. He practically said so." Her voice broke suddenly. "And it's true! I'm just no good for anything after doing that horrible old wash every week . . ."

"But Jill——" Mrs. White put an arm round the shaking shoulders. "The washing oughtn't to take it out of you like that! Why, mine hardly takes any time at all, with Rinso. Look here, dear. Let me come along next week-end and help you with the wash on Monday. Shall I?"

"But——" Jill stammered. "I was going to——"

"You're going to come right indoors and unpack that suitcase!" smiled Mrs. White. "You can run away from most things in this world—but you can't run away from love!"

* * *

Mrs. White was as good as her word. Straight after breakfast on the Monday morning, she sorted out the clothes and made two piles of the whites.

"There!" she said. "Now, we'll give the ordinarily dirty whites a fifteen-minute soak. And then that extra-dirty lot can go into the same suds for twenty minutes. Aren't these suds lovely? I don't know anything to beat Rinso for lather."

Almost afraid to hope

"But aren't you going to boil them at all?" asked Jill in shocked tones.

"No fear!" laughed Mrs. White. "No boiling needed with Rinso—no hard rubbing, either—you'll see! You save at least an hour's fuel that way—and it's much easier on the fabrics, too."

To Jill, used to spending hours in the hot steamy kitchen, it hardly seemed a minute before the whole wash was done. And when she saw the dazzling line she gasped with amazement.

"Why . . . I've never seen my whites so brilliant. And the coloureds! Oh, Mum, you *are* a darling!"

* * *

Bill White sighed as he turned in at his garden gate. It was never much fun coming home in the evenings these days.

But tonight, there was something different. Two things in fact. The first was a wonderful smell of hot savoury cooking. And the second was the sound of the piano. Jill hadn't touched the piano for months!

Love's Way

Jill heard him come in, and her heart gave a jump. She knew she was looking lovely. When they had done the washing that morning, she had slipped down to the hairdresser's. And half an hour ago she had put on her prettiest frock.

Very softly, Bill opened the door. And at the look in his eyes all the heartaches and misunderstandings of these miserable last months vanished like snow in sunlight.

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From Multiples, Seedsmen, Ironmongers and Chemists

HANNEN SWAFFER, portraying Vice-Admiral Whitworth, hero of Narvik, looks the Navy over and says

THEY'VE STILL GOT THE NELSON TOUCH

WHATEVER happens in Norway, we must always remember that in the end sea-power is an all-important factor.

And the Battle of Narvik, like the Battle of the River Plate, proved that the spirit of Nelson still exists in the British Fleet, inspiring everybody from the highest admiral to the smallest cabin-boy.

The battle of the fjord was fought by Vice-Admiral Jock Whitworth, a typical British sailor, quiet, almost shy.

Always devoted to that type of fighting, he so brilliantly manœuvred *Warspite*, a modernised super-dreadnought of the "Queen Elizabeth" class with 31,000 tons displacement, that he actually applied destroyer tactics to one of the largest battleships afloat.

There was wild enthusiasm when the news of this stirring sea fight reached Stoughton, a village near Chichester, because that is the Vice-Admiral's home, and the many pensioned naval men living there staged a celebration at which they fêted the hero's wife.

But Whitworth was a hero to them long before the Battle of Narvik.

An old rugby player and a golf enthusiast, they appreciated his fine sailor-like qualities.

This man with the "Nelson touch" was the son of a soldier. His father was the late Major A. W. Whitworth, of Mold, Flintshire, and he was born in June, 1884.

Joining *Britannia* as a naval cadet when he was fifteen, the hero of Narvik became a midshipman two years later.

He was a lieutenant at twenty-three.

THREE years later he married the daughter of a Royal Artillery Colonel.

He has twin sons, Jock and Peter, one in the Royal Navy, the other in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

The Vice-Admiral has always preferred destroyer commands, and he was in charge of seven of these incredibly swift craft, one after the other, until 1925.

Then for three years he led a destroyer flotilla in the Mediterranean.

For some years he had shore duty.

He was in command of the physical training school at Portsmouth, later became Director of Physical Training and Sports.

For the two years preceding the war he was Naval Secretary to three First Lords—Sir Samuel Hoare, Duff Cooper and Lord Stanhope.

Norway, after all its travail, may well be saved by a series of Narviks.

Experts are convinced that, despite the help given by the North-Western British Expeditionary Force, the brunt of the onslaught must be borne by British naval vessels firing on German-seized ports from the fjords.

And Vice-Admiral Whitworth has shown just how it can be done.

As you know, the epic of Narvik started when Captain Warburton-Lee, in command of destroyer *Hardy* off the port, radioed to Admiralty House, "Shall I go in?"

"We leave it to you," they answered.

So Warburton-Lee went in, followed by the five destroyers of his flotilla. Two were lost, but havoc was inflicted on the enemy.

Men of *Hardy* went ashore when their ship sank, to form the first British expeditionary force to set foot in Norway.

Warburton-Lee lost his life.

Three days later, men of *Hardy*, eluding the Germans, who outnumbered them, heard the sound of guns from the shore.

It was *Warspite*, with Vice-Admiral Whitworth in command, and a strong force of destroyers.

Even though the Nazis had seven destroyers in the harbour, *Warspite*, a battleship, went in. A chance torpedo might have sunk the great vessel. But every risk was taken.

Our Fleet fell on four German destroyers in Narvik Bay, shattered and sank them.

Three others fled up a nine-mile-long inlet, trying to hide behind Narvik. They were pursued in the narrow waters, engaged and destroyed.

It was a decisive fight.

Had we been as successful on land as we were in the fjords, there would not now be one German on Norwegian soil.

NOW, news of this example of the "Nelson touch" greatly heartened the people at home. But it was not till some days later that we were told how *Warspite's* aircraft, loaded with bombs, took off as she entered the fjords.

Warspite was firing both on the fleeing destroyers and on the shore guns.

Yes, a battleship, built in 1913, but modernised in 1937 so that she represented the most thorough example of warship reconstruction ever undertaken, was within half a mile of shore batteries!

This was naval daring with a vengeance.

While there are Jock Whitworths afloat, we need never despair of keeping the mastery of the seas. They take risks all the time. The German sailors, seemingly, prefer being scuttled.

Between Captain Cuttle and Captain Scuttle—well, there is no need to choose. . . .

Jock Whitworth, a typical British sailor, quiet, almost shy—yet a great fighter

Spy Who Copied Robin Hood's Daring

Louis C. S. Mansfield, "John Bull's" secret service expert, continues Aces of the Secret Service with the story of a murderer who turned a German Colonel's "cushy" job into a headache.

COLONEL VON LITWITZ was smiling as he led his regiment into Stamvelde, Belgium, in 1914. Recently appointed Commandant of the district, he was looking forward to an easy time.

But his "cushy" job was to be a headache, all because of Manton Devany, a local horse-dealer, then lying in jail accused of killing his brother-in-law during a quarrel.

It made no difference to Litwitz that Devany could produce witnesses to prove that he acted only in self-defence.

He enlivened the following weeks by inventing little tortures for the prisoner.

At last Manton Devany escaped, helped by his fifteen-year-old nephew, and hid himself in a cottage in the depths of the Darre Forest.

Litwitz was peeved, and as he couldn't shoot Devany, he shot the fifteen-year-old boy instead.

Manton Devany swore never to rest until he had seen the invaders thrown out of Belgium.

First he must make money.

When Remount Corporal Tankraft went in search of horses, Manton offered to find him the pick of the district's horseflesh.

Tankraft was only too willing to pay the horse-dealer.

Tankraft also paid the local farmers a big price—in tokens—for their horseflesh, but he was never able to keep his purchases.

The farmers had no sooner "cashed" their tokens than the horses found their way back to their original stables!

Manton pocketed another large commission from the farmers.

As there was a limit to the number of times the wily trader could sell the same horse to the Remount Corporal, he smuggled some of them into Holland, where he sold them for a good price.

His trips to Holland brought him into contact with every dependable Belgian on the route to the frontier.

When "Canteen Ma" Rondeel asked him to smuggle letters out of Occupied Territory, these agents became his "runners."

Later, as I have already described in JOHN BULL, "Canteen Ma's" letter-smuggling organisation was enlisted by the British Secret Service, and Manton Devany became a spy, with a ready-made chain of couriers.

Roaming the countryside as the Remount Corporal's assistant, he was able to distribute among the munition dumps the ingenious little time-bombs, brought to him by other spies.

He even wore the uniform of a Remount Corporal.

Eventually he was handling 75 per cent. of all spy reports from Stamvelde, Roulers and Courtrai districts, and it was not long before the German Counter-Espionage Service informed Colonel Litwitz that there was a dangerous spy in his area.

EIGHTEEN months later the Colonel began to associate his vanished prisoner with the troublesome agent.

When he distributed posters, bearing a doubtful likeness of Devany and offering 500 francs reward for his capture, Manton visited the office of Karl Rumberg, German staff photographer, held him up with a revolver and ordered the immediate production of 100 photographs of himself.

Then he went out and pasted them on top of the posters.

Next day the Colonel-Commandant raised the reward to 5,000 francs!

Manton Devany soon became the People's Avenger, and when a German officer carried out some particularly gross act of brutality the spy waylaid him in a quiet street.

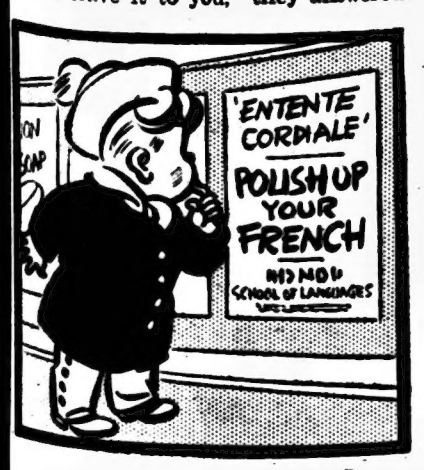
Sometimes the officer survived the ordeal.

When Litwitz imprisoned two of Manton's friends, the intrepid agent went into the Colonel's quarters, wakened him by poking a revolver in his ribs, and made him promise to release the men the following day.

"You're getting too high-handed in your actions," he told Litwitz on leaving. "If I hear of you inflicting any more fines or 'exemplary punishments,' without just cause, I'll come and see you again. Next time you won't see me go!"

Litwitz raised the reward to 50,000 francs, but he released the prisoners the following day. And he toned down his brutal punishments.

When things got too hot for Devany, he escaped to Rotterdam in 1918 to await the Armistice.



Grin and Bear It

DIARY OF A NEW SUIT

By OLIVER PLUSH

TUESDAY: The man for whom I have been built came in for his final fitting to-day. He's an awkward-looking blighter, but Mr. Snipps coaxed me into fitting so perfectly, I might have been born in Savile Row The poor mutt is delighted.

Wednesday: Poor mutt aforesaid puts me on at home for the first time and shows me off to his wife. I now start doing my stuff, crinkling my legs like concertinas, making my waistcoat bulge like a mainsail and lifting the collar of my coat far from the neck. Wife is highly indignant; declares she *knew* what it would be if she didn't go to tailor's to make sure I fitted correctly.

Thursday: Poor mutt and wife argue about me all day and half the night. Finally the former gives in and promises to take me back for alterations.

Friday: Having had a couple of quick ones to strengthen his courage, poor mutt marches me back to tailor's.

He makes a fine show of protesting that I'm a positive disgrace, and give him fits rather than a fit. Mr. Snipps puts on his suavest manner and suggests I am tried on so that my faults can be noted. Poor mutt does so. With a few deft touches from Mr. Snipps, I fit perfectly.

Poor mutt departs with me disconsolately and has several more quick ones before braving heavy sarcasm of waiting wife.

Don't you mean the trouble of the root?

Oh, don't start arguing. I'm altogether too weak for that.

Anyhow, I do all I can to help you to flourish, even though it may lead to friction.

I certainly appreciate it. No one can say that I'm not falling for you.

And to quote the Immortal Bard, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." Not that there is much of a parting left.

I can give you a better quotation, believe me.

What's that?

Toupé or not toupé? That is the question!

Gone Cuckoo

Aunt Agatha is all over herself this week because she claims to have been the *last* person in the village to have heard the cuckoo this year.

Words with My Hair

I'm growing concerned about you, old friend.

Then it's lucky there's such a little for you to worry about.

Still, you do seem to be having a darned thin time nowadays.

Well, it's up to you to get to the root of the trouble.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

ASHFORD TUESDAY EXPRESS:—"The raw materials for cooking RATS have in many cases to be imported."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"The men will get 7s. 6d. compensation for making one CAT and one waistcoat last the whole year."

THE CORNISH TIMES:—"A WASP drive was held in the newly acquired first-aid room."

THE CONGLETON CHRONICLE:—"Given away by her father, the bride wore STEPHEN'S CHURCH, CONGLETON."

COALVILLE TIMES:—"He would make a statement as to the extent of the rationing of cereals to distillers and BORROWERS."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"The cat was carrying a KITCHEN."

BOURNEMOUTH ECHO:—"Do not be in too great a hurry to pull up what you think are WEEKS."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"Leicester City F.C. have received INTIMIDATION that both —— and —— will play for the City in the war time Cup Competition."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE:—"Failing to conform to a SALT sign, led to a coke worker being fined."

Versonalities

No. 4. Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

Here's no soft and spineless blighter,
But a braw and bonny fighter
With a punch that's grown no lighter with the years.

For the way he lams at Raeder
And his scuttle-ships has made a
Lot of Nazi warships fade away in tears.

So no wonder Dr. Goebbels makes a loud and frantic din
As he hurls abuse at Winston—for the accent's on the "WIN."

Financial Note

The rich young man, determined to make things spin, usually ends by losing his own balance.

OLD BILL

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, you can stay in yer 'ome, Madame, but if a blitzkrieg comes through 'ere, we'll 'ave to ask yer to move. Compris?"

The Last Laugh

EXPLORER (London, W.).—"I once lived for three days on a tin of sardines." Doubtless the sardines were equally cramped for room.

R. B (Filey).—"I have fallen out with my greatest friend, although he was the best man at my wedding." Why? Did your wife think so, too?

T. A. (Plymouth).—"It should not be necessary for a goalkeeper to stoop to anything low." He won't remain a goalkeeper long if he doesn't.

K. S. (Launceston).—"I believe the young people of to-day are better than those of other generations." This confirms the opinion already held by the young people of to-day.

E. N (Dawlish).—"My father may have been told by my mother and sister about the accident to his trousers which I happened to be wearing." They split on you?

F. L. (Stoke).—"A quarter of my income goes for the house, a quarter to my wife, a quarter for the car, and a quarter goes in taxes." In fact, you get no quarter!

D. B. (Hucknall).—"I don't think Hitler has any intention of attacking Iceland." Perhaps not, but it would be just as well if the island mobilised its depressions as a precautionary measure.

H. W. (Melksham).—"This is a very different world from, say, even twenty years ago. The age of blind faith is gone." Don't you believe it. You should have seen some of the entrants to a recent beauty contest in London.

R. V. (Malvern).—"I am quite convinced that a woman's character is revealed by her cooking." Maybe it is, but the character our last cook brought with her did not prepare us for her cooking.

F. N. (Bow).—"You probably do not know what it means not to have a bob in your pocket." Oh, yes, we once had a slot meter in the house, too!

R. B. (Sidmouth).—"I still hear every week from my husband in France, and what do you think he generally writes about?" Half a sheet?

M. D. (Ealing).—"Our performance was ruined through the saxophonist coming to a dead stop when we reached the chorus." Perhaps the word "Refrain" on the music influenced him?

E. N. (Highbury).—"What did you think when you read my article suggesting that brains ought to be taxed?" That it was just like you to suggest a tax that wouldn't affect yourself.

T. B. (Cheam).—"Who knows what is in store for the recruit who joins the Army to-day?" Well, the quartermaster should.

K. J. (Cirencester).—"What do you think of a man who steals a chicken and when he is caught says he took it for a lark?" We think he needs a lesson in natural history.

BOB (Merton).—"She said if I tried to kiss her she would yell for her father, but I knew that he was in Paris." Did you take the hint?

BUILDER (Leicester).—"Mending roofs and gutters is quite a paying job, but you don't get anything out of chimneys." What about smoke?

CENTENARIAN (East Riding).—"People are always asking me what I think of the modern girl." Why on earth should you be thinking of girls?

P. W. (Mayfair).—"Wives should do all their own cooking these days—it would be more economical." Yes. Husbands might eat less.

S. W. (Ashford).—"The way some girls continue to make-up their faces in war time tempts me to use strong language." Blue-pencilled eyebrows!

CROONER (Hitchin).—"As I have to sing to the troops as many as ten times an evening during the next two weeks, can you tell me how I can protect my throat?" Yes, by running like mad.

MRS. S. (Exmouth).—"I would go through anything for my husband." See letter below.

G. S. (Exmouth).—"My wife has reduced my bank account to practically nothing with her extravagant ways." See letter above.

S. N. (Halifax).—"After my first lo hike this season my arms were nearly tired as my legs." And did a lorry dr eventually answer your frantic signals?

EVA (Wimbledon).—"Do you think t tennis girl should wear a skirt, shorts flannel trousers?" Of course.

SPINSTER (Dulwich).—"No woman resource need ever go out unattend I never have." You mean you ha a dog to exercise?

NATURALIST (Kew).—"Storks are pow ful, methodical fliers." What docto complain of is the irregular hours which they make nocturnal landings.

W. M. (Reading).—"An America engineer has invented an earthqua announcer that goes off like an ala clock." What our maid needs is an ala clock that goes off like an earthquake.

L. F. (Knightsbridge).—"I'm going Devon for my lungs." You certainly see to have all the absent-minded profess licked!

D. B. (Cambridge).—"The man w persists in beginning his letters in t same old monotonous way doesn't deser to get an answer." That's just what keep telling our tailor.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFE
CASH THE COUPON
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
3
This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/5 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C. 2.

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This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PRIZES value over £750 for READERS THIS WEEK!

"BULLETS" 1,217 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £425:

Mrs. A. G. KELLY, 129, Kirkland Street, Glasgow.

Example: PETROL'S RATIONED, BUT
Bullet: THERE'S "PEACE ON ROAD."

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

C. DAVISON, 48, Rydal Avenue, Sale, Ches.
Example: If Britain's Invaded
Bullet: That "Liberty" We'd Crush.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

B. N. DUNBAR, Fingest Bungalow, Ilmer, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Example: Out Of Action
Bullet: Bicarbonate, Since "Good-bye, Cart"

£9: A. P. McArmtry, 95, Boulton Road, Hardywood, Birmingham. Hitler's Situation—No Ore—Or "Irons"! £8: Miss M. Bailey, 6, Beech Terrace, Hr. Baxenden, Accrington. Spring's Magic—Bursts Seeds—"Weeds" Seedy. £7: J. C. Jones, 49, Stairhaven Road, Aigburth, Liverpool. Thanks To Hitler—Spreading Soul, Speeding Rout. £6: Mrs. G. J. Stubbs, 1, Manor Road, Burgers Hill, Sussex. Makes Life Worth Living—Despite "Patches," "Old Scotch." £5: G. K. Wilkie, 56, Tennis Court Drive, Leicester. Thanks To Hitler—Insincere, Since In Fear.

TEN PRIZES OF £2. 10. 0:

F. Barnett, 65, Woodstock Gardens, Blackpool. Pearl Of Great Price—"Piercing" My Ear, Versus! H. Browning, 4, Gwernifor Street, Mountain Ash. Down Came A Bomb And—Hitting Rodney—*Workmanship* "Scored." Mrs. F. M. Crom, 60, 18, Latham Avenue, Ormskirk, Lancs. Tired Of Waiting—For News, Fear Soars. W. Davis, 3, High Street, Thornley, Durham. In Auntie's Canteen—Willing Helpers And Curate! H. Good, 5, Albemarle Street, Harwich, Essex. Down Came A Bomb And—A Bombel—Fishing Resumed. B. Harris, Stationer, Near Town Hall, Margate. Thanks To Hitler—Fritz's, Thanks To Himmler. T. J. Hawkins, 12, Earls Hall Parade, Southend-on-Sea. Stock For America—Unless She *Removes* "Gloves." H. Levenson, 21, Bedford Street N., Liverpool. Fritz Believes—But Can't Convince Stomach! C. C. Wisher, St. John's "A," Hillcrest Road, Biggin Hill, Kent. In Auntie's Canteen—Cigars, In Case Winston ——. A. Wright, 237, Blackness Road, Dundee. Thanks To Hitler—I'm Mother-in-law's Soldier Hero!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

HERO OF TO-DAY
HITLER'S NAVY
GLORIOUS VICTORY
TAXES ARE UP, BUT
MIGHTY EFFORT | AHEAD OF US
BRIGHT BOY | IF NEEDED
SIMPLE | BRAVADO
DESTROYERS | SAVED
OFF WENT THE TROOPSHIP AND
WELL-EARNED REST
KEEPS GRANDPA BUSY
LIKE A MAD DOG
STAB IN THE BACK
TAKES THE CAKE
BEGINNING TO TELL
OVER IN NORWAY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHILE DAD .....
FOOD FOR .....
THE ... BEGAN AND
NO TIME FOR .....
AUNTIE CAN ..., BUT
CRUEL .....

8 WINNING OPPORTUNITIES for ENTRY-FEE of ONLY 1/6

By entering 4 *Bullets* for the £425, enclosed with 4 Crossword Squares for the Life Pension, you pay 1s. 6d. entry-fee only for your 8 winning opportunities.

Win £300 CASH FOR A BULLET

£200 1st PRIZE
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This £200 First Prize cheque for "Bullets" No. 1,221 or that for 1,219 or 1,220 will be augmented to £300 cash according to which of these First Prize "Bullets" is adjudged most meritorious.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order, or Stamps stuck to separate piece of paper, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible

BONUSES value £2
The ten entrants for this Contest whose sets of Four "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive a Bonus Award value £2.

Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,221
Closing Postmark
SATURDAY, MAY 18

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED _____
ADDRESS _____

FOR YOUR HELPFUL FREE 'BULLETIN' ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

ENTRY-FEE.—Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O. made payable to "John Bull," at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," firmly stuck to separate piece of paper, may be enclosed instead of P.O.
ADDRESS "BULLETS" ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,221, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER on SQUARES BELOW for John Bull's ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

20/- WEEKLY for LIFE

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£100 Cash Between 11 Runners-up and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd Runners-up each exchangeable for 4 SAVINGS STAMPS

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS.

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, May 18.

Entry fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be sent by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in your number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be firmly affixed to one separate piece of paper. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged, under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee, and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" to issue of Saturday, May 30; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication (Adjudicating Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not received or mislaid and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first prize of any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of John Bull in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 202, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. When still weak after accident, you might well be wise to take this when walking
2. There are some youngsters who would love to have one to play with
4. Distress will be caused when one is shut up for a long time
6. May be distinctly heard, when listening to morse signals
8. Losing this could be really serious matter for us
15. Sound of this may be annoying
16. Some are just suited to travellers' requirements
17. You set a good many at Banas or currants in one

DOWN CLUES

1. One rarely makes in wood
2. Be careful how you do this if you're in an awkward position
3. One can be really crushing
5. If you can't find time to get this when needed, bag of nuts may be just as useful
7. Load of this is not likely to be too much for average crane
9. A big one is often necessary to get job done satisfactorily
10. To be on this one must be pretty fit
11. It would take more than this to upset the quiet but determined Briton
12. One doesn't often see big lads playing with
13. If you'd sooner have shade than this, it may possibly cost you more
14. Ordinary one doesn't take great deal of petrol

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 199.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 199, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one square (or more) were the following three competitors:—

V. PEETEAM, 196, River Way, Christchurch, Hants.
A. ROSES, 89, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
Mrs. N. ROGERS, Carrickboy, Ballyhaunnis, Co. Donegal.

These competitors share the First Prize of £380, and a cheque for £116 12s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Answers of Lower Fowls (or 16s. ends) have been won by 38 competitors from whom a selected section inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Saving Stamps Award will be posted this week to each of 364 entrants from whom Answers are either differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious answer, and every prize-winner will receive War Savings Bonus as announced.

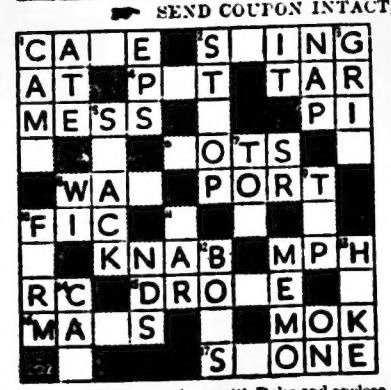
WINNING WORDS

ACROSS.—1. SAP. 3. BIT. 6. DOZE. 8. SKI. 9. LINES. 11. DIE. 14. AGED. 15. OAST. 16. SEAT. 17. TARS.
DOWN.—1. SILK. 2. ROSE. 4. BIT. 7. SIDE. 9. DUSTY. 10. FIVE. 12. SETS. 13. WALL. WOOLS or WORDS. 15. STORE. 16. SKIM. 18. BIB. 19. WAR.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in square above. Black space indicates that at this point WOLDS, WOODS or WORDS were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £300 FREE!
If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current effort.

SEND COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY



I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. (or Stamps on separate paper) for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 202, Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, MAY 18.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Don't omit to complete Label below.

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

FREE GAZETTE & BULLETIN — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 1, you must affix 1d. stamp for postage on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR POSTAGE

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

The folk at HOME

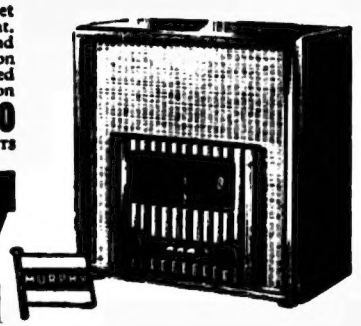
In a million homes to-day wives and mothers are carrying on till their men come home; carrying on with sadly depleted incomes; facing difficulty and loneliness—but sure of one thing—that it is their job to keep the family going whatever happens, and that they *can* and will do it. A wireless set is a precious possession in all these homes, precious for news and information and precious for its cheering entertainment. It is our job to provide this vital equipment, and I am proud to have such work to do. We shall strain every nerve to see that both in quality and quantity the Home Front is well served.

E. J. POWER, *Man. Dir.*

90 STANDARD TABLE SUPERHET. This model will get as extensive a range of stations as you could possibly want. The three wavebands are controlled by press buttons, and on short waves a "logging scale" enables a given station to be re-tuned accurately. The cabinet is highly polished with an all-silk front, except for the black bakelite escutcheon carrying the scales and controls.

Cash Prices: D.C./A.C. MODEL £12, A.C. MODEL **£11.10**

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ARE AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS



MURPHY

"MUNITIONS" FOR THE HOME FRONT

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for one year. Prices do not apply in Eire.

C.B.C.351

"I Took 4 Tablets Went to Bed at 4 o'clock, Got up at 7 o'clock A Different Person"

THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART FOR YOUR MAGNIFICENT MEDICINE

"YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic.

Gentlemen, Bacup, March 30th, 1940.

A short while ago I received a supply of your Yeast-Vite tablets. I find they are invaluable, they have no substitute, anyone will soon prove that for themselves. To-day, Sunday, I had a bilious attack, and you can believe me the symptoms are awful. I took 4 tablets, went to bed at 4 o'clock, I got up at 7 o'clock a different person. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart for your magnificent medicine.

Yours, etc. (Sgd.) J. E.

I Had ONE CONTINUOUS PAIN

Liverpool,
March 27th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I feel obliged to write this letter. Firstly, because of benefit derived from Yeast-Vite, and secondly for other sufferers.

I had an operation two years ago for perforated duodenal ulcers. At the beginning of this year pains began to return to my stomach; I took no end of remedies. But all to no avail. The pains increased and I suffered nothing short of agony. I had one continuous pain, and thought it meant another operation. Anyhow, I gave your Yeast-Vite a trial last week as a last resort, and before the first bottle was used I had got rid of the pain, and am still taking Yeast-Vite as a precautionary measure. Therefore you will understand why I felt obliged to write to you.

You may use this if to your advantage.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) A.B.

"THEY DID ME THE WORLD OF GOOD."

Manchester 8.

Dear Sirs,

I must congratulate you on the wonderful quality of your Yeast-Vite tablets. Several years ago I was suffering from headaches and giddiness. Then I saw your advertisement in a paper. I started taking your Yeast-Vite after that, and I must say they did me the world of good. I have recently resumed using them again, and I feel it my duty to say they are as good and effective as ever.

I remain, Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Mrs. S.

QUICK RESULTS!

Yeast-Vite is the record QUICK Tonic. It brings relief in minutes and hours instead of days and weeks. Test it TO-DAY!

Accept This Offer!

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ) especially rich in vitamin B and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. It is therefore a QUICK acting tonic, so successful that we make the following fair play offer. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

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